

# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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A MANIPORE MUSICIAN.



A MANIPORE WARRIOR FIGHTING.



A NATIVE OF MANIPORE.

THE MILITARY DISASTER IN MANIPORE, ON THE SOUTHERN FRONTIER OF ASSAM, BRITISH INDIAN EMPIRE.



RECEPTION OF THE CZAREVITCH AT COLOMBO, CEYLON: PASSING UNDER TRIUMPHAL ARCHES WITH THE GOVERNOR.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

The question before the House of Commons the other day was the opening of museums on a Sunday. This does not strike one, even though it was defeated, as a very advanced measure in the way of latitudinarianism. I know people, by no means churchgoers, who would just as soon go to church as to a museum. They look upon it at best as a shelter from the rain. So far, there was as little to offend the conscience of the Sabbatarian as there could be; nobody proposed to enjoy himself, as some do, "upon the day that comes between the Saturday and Monday," but only to improve his mind; and even then the House would not have it. Yet I can remember when our Protestantism was more sturdy still, and that at certain watering-places the piers were closed upon a Sunday. It was allowable to walk on the Parade, but sinful to walk out to sea. The chief objection was that the opening of the pier employed Sunday labour. A friend of mine on the pier committee at Snargate-super-Mare had to give way to public feeling on this point, because the man who issued the tickets, one Jones, had himself a tender conscience on the matter. "I would do anything to oblige you, Sir; but, though I am a poor man," he said, "I have my convictions." Jones was thought very highly of for this conduct, and lost nothing by it, for his wages were not reduced, and he got his Sundays all to himself. At Pargate-on-Sea, however, twenty miles along the coast, the voting went the other way. The pier was kept open on the seventh day. After six months or so, my friend went over there by train on Sunday, to visit an acquaintance who was on the committee of the Pargate pier. They talked over the question of "shut or open," and exchanged experiences. "We had just the same difficulty as you had about our pier-keeper. He too had a very delicate conscience, which met with much public appreciation, so that he gets his seven days' wages for his six days' work. However, we managed to get another man, who had no such scruples—is, in fact, a Jew—one Isaacs, so that no one's susceptibility can possibly be wounded." "How very convenient!" "Yes, he lives at your place, but comes over for the Sunday to take the tickets." The two gentlemen went upon the pier together. "A fine specimen of the Hebrew, our toll-taker; is he not?" remarked the Pargateer. "Yes; he has a splendid beard. I cannot help thinking I have seen Mr. Isaacs before. You say he comes from Snargate?" "Yes; you can have a talk with him as we go out." It was rather difficult to get Mr. Isaacs to his pigeon-hole; it seemed that he was more ashamed than proud of showing strangers his beautiful long beard; but at last he presented himself. Directly he opened his mouth my friend "spotted" him: which was no wonder, since he saw him six days a week—without the beard. "Well, upon my life, Jones, you are a pretty fellow, to get a holiday at one place every Sunday for the sake of principle, and to make a work-day of it at another for the sake of interest." "Well, yes, Sir," returned Mr. Isaacs, stroking his beard, and looking very conscientious and venerable; "but about this here question of Sunday labour, there will, as I've heard you say, be always two opinions; and when I'm in Snargate I'm of one opinion, and when I'm in Pargate I'm of the other."

Now that the restitution of conjugal rights has been wiped off the list of actions, I hope that the principle of compensation will not be overlooked. I have not the least objection to the change in the law, but protest against its being made at the expense of an honest and hard-working class—the novelists. Up to this date, one of their chief dramatic situations has been the detention of a married woman contrary to her will. The husband had the key of the house, and duplicates were unheard of. The lady was generally imprisoned in an upper chamber, the windows of which were securely barred, or, if in the cellar, she was denied all the advantages of the locality, and kept on slops in order to break her spirit. There was no end to the devices by which in the end she accomplished her deliverance; but what is to become of them now, and where are we to find their substitutes? I have searched the speech of the Lord Chancellor, and likewise that of the Master of the Rolls, for a single word upon this point, but in vain. They are very scathing about the husband, and very polite about the wife (in neither of whom I am in the least interested), but have nothing to say about the novelist. If fact instead of fiction were concerned in the matter, and especially if the vested rights of the legal profession were thus infringed, they would have had a good deal to say about them, we may take our davy.

One of the results that were sure to spring from the establishment of the Paris telephone was that somebody would air his French outside it. We have been already informed that our authorities have been talking bad grammar to "our lively neighbours," congratulating them upon our common achievement in the wrong gender and the wrong tense. Why they should have run the risk, and not confined themselves to English, leaving the others to reply in their own language, it is hard to say. Some people—descendants, perhaps, of the builders of Babel—have an itch for expressing themselves in other tongues. For myself, I have not this weakness, which is fortunate, since, even by the most intelligent foreigner, I have never yet succeeded in making myself understood. But why should our poor English officials have been thus belaboured for having done their best? They were prompted, doubtless, by national courtesy, while the French, actuated by a similar motive, characteristically spoke in French. Why are mistakes made in a foreign tongue always so enjoyed by those of our countrymen who happen to know it, or who think they know it? Why are false quantities so enormously appreciated by scholars? It is not generally thought good form to jeer at the ignorance of our fellow-creatures. I am afraid there is something low about linguists.

There is something in the nature of an epigram that is evanescent. Though it may be more complete and polished in

print, it makes an inferior impression to that it makes when it leaves the lip. The sayings of witty talkers lose in the telling; the salt of them evaporates. With the exception of Douglas Jerrold, there is hardly one of them that does not suffer in this way. Johnson has escaped this fate, because he had a Boswell to reproduce his talk exactly as it was; we hear him at it, puffing and blowing, and saying the wisest things in the most offensive manner; but, as a general rule, when we open the memoirs of a conversationalist, it is not with very high hopes of being entertained. Thus, we did not expect very much from the records of Mr. Abraham Hayward, which was fortunate: on the other hand, they were not so deadly dull as are the memoirs of Talleyrand. Some people say that because there is no wit in them these cannot be genuine, but that is not an intelligent observation. Talleyrand made up his best extempore sallies beforehand, as all other statesmen do, and addressed them not to individuals, but to the public. He was naturally gratified by the admiration they excited in his audience. But what pleasure could he have derived from putting them into a notebook to be read by people fifty years after his death? He was not at all a likely person to labour for posterity. And almost all epigrams of a political kind are laboured. Lord Beaconsfield, indeed, did not trouble himself much in this way, but then he "conveyed" his epigrams from other people. What is intended to convulse the Senate is given to the Senate, not inscribed in a diary for post-mortem publication. Perhaps the wittiest of Sheridan's retorts was delivered, as it seemed, offhand in the House of Commons. He said that Dundas resorted to his memory for his jokes, and to his imagination for his facts. Unfortunately for the extempore reputation of this jest, it is found set down in Sheridan's notebook years before. He jots down the happy thought, "He employs his fancy for his narrative, and keeps his recollection for his wit." Later on, he expands this into, "When he makes his jokes you applaud the accuracy of his memory, and 'tis only when he states his facts that you admire the flights of his imagination." After this he uses the idea to the confusion of Michael Kelly, a composer of music who had been a wine-merchant. "You will now import your music and compose your wine." Finally, he lets it off with a bang in the House of Commons. No doubt Sheridan made some very brilliant sallies, but you will not find any new ones in his memoirs. The only novel joke in those of Talleyrand is that he contrived to persuade his executors to keep them all this time to spare people's feelings, a thing that never so much as entered into his mind in his lifetime.

"A Winter's Tale" is not, as will be immediately suspected by certain critics, a plagiarism. There is nothing in the story common to Shakspeare and the writer, except the name, which Shakspeare himself (in opposition to most authorities on copyright) has decided to be of no consequence. The book has, indeed, considerable originality. The action of the little drama takes place under new social conditions; and, what is very unusual, the reader feels that the two volumes might have been thicker, or even been expanded to three with advantage. When the suicide of a member of the household has taken place at a country house, even though the victim may be but a domestic servant, one expects it to make more sensation than it is permitted to do at Flint Hall. As being subsidiary to the plot of her story, the authoress may, however, have glossed over this little incident from artistic motives, or to show how very little sporting circles are affected by anything but horses and dogs and guns. The plot, nevertheless, is a good plot, the characters lifelike, and the whole novel well worth reading.

"What curious things one reads in the papers!" writes a lady correspondent. "How they do concern themselves with the private affairs of eminent persons! Mr. Steinitz no doubt comes under this category, but it is surely a breach of the privacies of domestic life to dwell upon his singular pertinacity in returning to a domicile which he has ever so often found to be unsuitable. His 'twenty-ninth move to King's Square' is telegraphed through Reuter's Agency. 'Three flittings,' says a Scotch proverb, 'are as bad as a fire'; let us hope that this poor vacillating gentleman will now stop where he is."

Mr. Spurgeon has, I read, been excommunicating the clerical prophets, and quite right too. It is high time that somebody in their own profession should venture to tell the truth about them. In the medical calling, if a man is a quack, his brethren are certainly not slow to express their opinion about him; and why should the fact of a humbug being a divine prevent his being denounced as a humbug? Such a benefit of clergy was surely never contemplated by any Statute. One would think, indeed, that it behoves the clergy especially to see that no member of their own class should bring it into contempt by pretending to read the future, and for gain. It matters little, as the presbyter of the Tabernacle observes, whether a gipsy in a red cloak, or a man in a black coat, professes to tell our fortunes. In the eye of morality, if not of the law, one is as much "a rogue and vagabond" as the other, and equally obtains our money under false pretences; but the man in the black coat is the more discreditable, inasmuch as he deliberately founds his imposture upon the very Word which it is his mission to preach. It is amazing that none of those theological thunderbolts, of which there has always been such a fine stock in hand, and which have been hurled at so many innocent heads, have ever been launched against these offenders. Poor Plon-Plon was the last person whom they identified with "the Beast" in Revelations, and, since he has died without bringing about any catastrophe, one of them coolly tells us he made a slight miscalculation, but that 1902 may be now relied upon as being the exact date of the general overturn. The placing the matter ten years ahead is very clever; for, while being near enough to awaken expectation, it allows sufficient time to dispose of a good many editions of the new

prediction. The idiots who purchase these prophetic volumes are, I am told, a class *per se*, and read little else; but they are a very large class, coming next to the buyers of works on domestic medicine and cookery books. The readers of honest fiction are not to be compared with them in numbers.

The Bank of France has lately shown that there is no more gratitude in the financial-world than in politics. One M. Schlumberger was so good as to point out to its managers that their notes could be imitated, and that he could render such imitation impossible—for a consideration. They replied sarcastically that they were obliged to him, but that the notes of the Bank of France could be imitated by nobody. M. Schlumberger thereupon published a facsimile of a 1000f. note in *Le Moniteur Industriel*, and the Bank has prosecuted him for it. This conduct, worthy only of a slighted woman, may cost it dear. There is a legend of the Bank of Ireland which shows it to have been much wiser in its generation. An ingenious person wrote the directors word that he had discovered a method of spitting their notes, and thereby duplicating their issue. They sent for him, found that he could really do it, and at once gave him something else to do in the shape of a high appointment in their establishment. This he retained to his death, and his dangerous secret died with him.

## HOME NEWS.

The Queen visited the Duchess of Albany at Cannes on Saturday, March 23, and with her inspected the monuments that have been erected in memory of the Duke of Albany, who died there seven years ago. On the following day her Majesty and Princesses Louise and Beatrice attended service in the English church. The festivities of which her Majesty was an eye-witness are described in another column.

A memorial service for the late Duke of Albany was held at St. George's Church, Cannes, on Saturday, March 28, and was attended by the Duchess, with her two children, and by many of the English residents.

Her Majesty has derived so much benefit from her stay at Grasse that it is understood that the royal party contemplate remaining until the end of April. A special medal has been struck in commemoration of the Queen's visit, stamped with a relief portrait of her Majesty, and bearing the inscription "Souvenir du séjour de la Reine d'Angleterre. Grasse, Mars, 1891."

Londoners were favoured with fine though very cold weather for the Easter Bank Holiday. Over 100,000 persons are estimated to have gathered on Hampstead Heath. The Zoological Gardens boasted about 28,000 visitors, and the Natural History Museum at South Kensington more than 10,000. There were 75,103 visitors to the Crystal Palace.

The trial of various prisoners at Cork for riot in connection with the Tipperary disturbances was diversified by the accidental burning of the Court House, but it came to a singularly tame end. Three of the prisoners were acquitted by the jury, who failed to agree as to the other two, who included Mr. Healy's assailant. Mr. Dillon's evidence rather discounted that of Mr. Morley, who took a pronounced view of the conduct of the police. Mr. Dillon thought that Mr. John O'Connor's conduct was "provocative." The trial, however, excited far less interest than the Sligo election, which was conducted with the usual accompaniment of blackthorns and charges, not between the police and the people, but between the contending parties of Nationalists. Mr. McCarthy's nominee is a local employer of labour, Alderman Collyer, and Mr. Parnell's is Mr. V. B. Dillon, a cousin of Mr. Dillon, M.P., and an Irish solicitor of some repute. Meanwhile, a tinge of irony has been given to the situation by the announcement that Archbishop Walsh, who is the moving spirit on the anti-Parnellite side, is bound on a pilgrimage to the shrine of "Our Lady of Good Counsel" in Rome. It is probable that he will communicate with the Pope.

Since March 28 the Customs officers have been engaged in taking the census of the seafaring population of England, Scotland, Wales, and the Isle of Man, while in Ireland the Constabulary and the Dublin Metropolitan Police are performing similar duties.

The most important incident of the Easter manoeuvres was the naval and military assault upon Portsmouth, which took place on March 30. The line of the Portsmouth Forts was, at the close of the operations, assumed to have been turned by the invading force, whose troops had advanced nearly as far as Cosham. A force of Marines was thrown ashore at Hayling Island ferry, which carried Fort Cumberland by assault, then marched along Portsea Island, taking the defenders in flank, and joined hands with a third force, which had been landed in rear of Hillysea lines. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught witnessed the march past later in the day, the *Times* correspondent remarking of this ceremony that it appeared to excite much less enthusiasm than on former occasions, and that no march past ever fell so flat.

The Duke of Cambridge witnessed the sham fight of the Volunteers in the vicinity of Dover on March 30. The manoeuvres were a continuation of those which began on the previous Saturday, when Colonel Stracey, in command of the Dover troops, confronted an invader from Hythe on St. Radigund's Heights. The attacking force was commanded by Major-General Le Quesne, and the defence by Colonel Russell. At the close of the fight a march past took place, and the Commander-in-Chief afterwards issued an order expressing much pleasure with the appearance of the troops, both Regulars and Volunteers, and with the intelligent manner in which the movements had been performed.

The manoeuvres at Brighton are described as some of the most successful that have been conducted on British ground of recent years. The proceedings concluded on Easter Monday, when, in conjunction with some local corps, the three corps of London Engineers formed the attacking force under Colonel Salmond, while the defenders were composed of local Volunteers under Colonel Bristowe. While the battle was in progress the Inniskilling Dragoons made an unexpected charge on the flank of the Londoners, and the cease fire then sounded. The troops returned to Brighton, where the march past took place on the Old Steine in the presence of an enormous gathering.

The spot-barred billiard-match between Roberts and Peall for 24,000 up, Roberts, the champion, giving his opponent 12,000 points, ended in a victory for Peall by 2590 points. Roberts was left behind in the earlier stages of the match, but, as it closed, he played with his usual confidence and brilliancy against the immense odds he had given his opponent. His finest break rose to 551, which he has only twice beaten, his record break being 690. Peall, however, kept his advantage, and played with great skill and judgment. The match decides nothing—Peall, of course, supreme with the spot stroke, and Roberts at the spot-barred game, though it was clear that the champion had fixed his superiority to Peall in the latter contest at too high a figure. The stake was for £1000.



## THE UNCOMPLAINING POOR.

BY FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

A very sad story came into the newspapers the other day; and though it is disgusting to see the way in which it has been seized upon by amateur sensationalists—their tears, their superior passion of pity, their agony of appeal, being the things to observe (quite a new business, this)—its suggestions ought not to pass unregarded. A poor woman having been found dead of starvation, and a coroner's jury having been called together accordingly, a boy of thirteen, her son, came forward to tell the following story: His mother had been deserted by her husband, a skilled workman. Four children had been left with her, and of these her son George, who stood up to tell of their distress, was the eldest. For a month the poor woman had been rendered quite helpless; so ill that she could not leave her bed. Then the whole support of the family fell upon the eldest son, who night and morning trudged backward and forward to a printing office, where he earned six shillings a week. Of this sum four-and-sixpence had to be paid for rent. "Why, then, you had only one-and-sixpence for food!" said the coroner. But no, it wasn't quite so bad as that: "A lady used to let us have some bread and a block of coal"; and, indeed, it appeared from the relieving officer's investigations that the actual income of the family, after paying rent, amounted not to one-and-sixpence but two-and-sixpence a week. And it might have been more but for one thing—"mother would not let people know our business." Had it been otherwise, the "two ladies downstairs playing the piano," when the relieving officer arrived to find the poor woman dead, would have done something, no doubt, and others too. But, partly from the invincible pride of the poor, partly because she wished to shield the consequences of her husband's unkindness from public view (that desire came out clearly enough), she would have nothing said. When she was ill, she told her children to say nothing about it, and so they attended to her themselves—the boy before he trotted off to his work in the morning and after his return at night, the little ones while he was away. And mark this for a sign! Asked what food his mother had when he was away, the boy answered, "She would eat a piece of bread when I was there, but I don't think she had any while I was out."

A few words tell the story; and what remains to be said is that, apart from absolute starvation to death, it is a common story in a hundred similar versions. To those who really know, it is almost exasperating to think of the "slum" mongering that goes on among the East-End dens, which are (for the most part) the mere pits into which the idleness, viciousness, and most willing pauperism of a vast population drain, while in a thousand nooks and corners the proudly uncomplaining poor hide their poverty with far too much success. There are some who strive to find them out, but they are not "slummers," with the brag of their "work" on their lips in every drawing-room they frequent; and what they do is done—and indeed has to be done—with a like concealment to that which hides the misery they relieve. As an essayist wrote in one of the reviews some time ago, no Lady Bountiful enters on the scene to stare and pry, and lecture as well as give; but a kindly woman, who knows by instinct what Lady B. will never learn, with all her "vast experience of the lower classes"—namely, that in dealing with the poverty of the uncomplaining poor as much delicacy is needed, as much delicacy is due, as when the distresses of some broken gentleman have to be relieved. But though in most parishes there are good people who go quietly to work to discover the kind of poverty that was so glaringly illustrated in the coroner's court of north-east London the other day, by far the greater part of it is never known. By such cases as come to light when an Emma Barrett is found quite starved to death, and her boy is brought up to explain, we learn from time to time how desperately the poor do sometimes cling to the hope that if they keep quite quiet they may wear through their distresses, no one knowing how wretched they have been, and none being able to say—their children above all—that they lived by charity. But if revelation could be made to-day of the homes of the decent poor in London here, the number of cases that are nearly like the one we have been contemplating would be a surprise for its enormity. Why, I myself know of one at this moment that is not so very much better; and but for fear of offending a pride which no one has a right to disregard, even with the most kindly intentions, would tell a tale that would give a heartache to half the readers of this paper.

And, though it is irksome and a reproach to hear of these studious concealments of the worst distress, yet it is impossible to regret them altogether. They are sometimes called criminal. I have in my eye a large full-chested gentleman who maintains that, if one of Emma Barrett's children had died instead of herself, it would have been little less than murder; while, as it stands, it is *felo de se*, or something very much like it. The sick woman ought to have made her fatal poverty known; if not to the ladies downstairs who played the piano, then to the clergyman of the parish, or somebody of that kind. And so, perhaps, she ought, even though there was a danger that the police might be put upon the track of that deserting husband of hers. ("Be sure you do not get your father into trouble," she is reported to have said to her son a while before she died.) But if we reflect upon the discipline of this silent endurance, we shall not be very sorry that thousands of the most deserving poor impose it upon themselves and their children so rigorously. For they do not always break down at last. They do fight through. The brighter day comes to most of them; and then—then the difference between looking back to hardships borne in silent fortitude and the bitterness of remembering the bread that was begged! The worst of the hardship must be the enforcing of it upon children; but yet it is done for the children's sake quite as much as for the satisfaction of personal pride. No doubt personal pride enters into the determination of the poor father and mother not to offer their young ones the food that "charity" supplies; they feel that it would lower them in the children's eyes, perhaps. But they also feel that duty enjoins them not to allow the native spirit of independence in their boys and girls to be broken down—that they cannot be made men and women of in that way; and it needs no demonstration that among the most honourable and capable of the working classes of every generation there is no lack of those who were taught to sacrifice the flesh on their bones rather than nourish it by the acceptance of alms.

But when that is said, it does not follow that the uncomplaining poor should be left unhelped, in their most desperate straits, for the sake of the discipline they undergo. Not at all. It is precisely these who are most deserving, most truly open to kindness, and with whom kindness is sure to be most blessed.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## AN INDIAN MILITARY DISASTER.

The army of the British Indian Empire has sustained a serious disaster and temporary defeat in the rugged and comparatively obscure region of highlands and forests, inhabited by wild half-savage tribes, north-east of the Bay of Bengal, to the south of the province of Assam, and bordering on the still



WOMAN OF MANIPORE, SOUTHERN FRONTIER OF ASSAM.

unsettled races called the Looshais, above Chittagong, and their neighbours the Chins, on the western frontier of Upper Burmah. The small native State of Manipore, beyond the Tipperah mountains, ruled by the Maharajah Chandra Kirti Singh, during forty years past, has been on peaceful and amicable terms with the British Government of India. But, after many troubles with his unruly subjects, he was deposed last year. He then appealed for assistance to Mr. J. W. Quinton, the British Chief Commissioner of Assam, who set forth from Shillong with an escort of four hundred and seventy men, detachments of the 42nd and 44th battalions of Goorkha Light Infantry. Advancing from Kohima, the station nearest to the boundary of Assam and Manipore, Mr. Quinton summoned a durbar of the native chiefs to demand the arrest of the rebellious chief, styled the Senaputty, or head of the army in Manipore, who had usurped power and had overthrown the lawful prince. The expedition had entered Manipore, it is stated, on March 22, but it does not appear to have reached the capital, which is the town of Imphal, or Eempal, with 35,000 inhabitants, who call themselves Meithei, and are in some degree civilised. On the night of March 23 the Commissioner's camp was suddenly attacked by a great multitude of armed tribesmen. The Goorkhas made a stout resistance, under their British officers, Colonel Skene, commanding the 42nd Goorkhas, with Captain G. H. Butcher and Lieutenants E. J. Lugard and J. B. Chatterton, and Captain T. S. Boileau, commanding the detachment of the 44th Goorkhas, with Lieutenant L. W. Brackenbury. The conflict was prolonged during two whole days; but on the 25th, the ammunition of the Goorkhas being entirely spent, it was needful to order a retreat, which became a helpless flight, and the statement is that all were slaughtered. Lieutenant Brackenbury is expressly named as killed, and it is feared that the other English officers, and Mr. Quinton, with Mr. Cossins, who accompanied him, also Mr. Grimwood, the British Resident in Manipore, with Mrs. Grimwood, have lost their lives. On the other hand, it is possible that they are detained alive as prisoners. The Indian Government has ordered five Bengal and Goorkha regiments, with a battery of mountain artillery, to assemble at Kohima without delay.

The native population of Manipore, reckoned at not more than 220,000, is of mixed races, beside the Meithei, who profess Hindooism and claim a sacred origin for the reigning family; the highlanders seem to have more affinity with the neighbouring Kooki tribes. Manipore possesses a famous breed of ponies, and the game of polo, or hockey on horseback, is said to have been invented in this country. Some of the more civilised natives are expert weavers of cloth and silk, saddlers, carpenters, and metal-workers, who emigrate into Eastern Bengal. Their performances of music and dancing were exhibited to the Prince of Wales at Calcutta, and were illustrated by our Special Artist, Mr. W. Simpson, in 1876. A few sketches are now reproduced. The State of Manipore will doubtless now be subdued, and annexed to the Indian Empire.

## THE NEW BISHOP OF HULL.

Archdeacon Richard Frederick Lefevre Blunt, D.D., Vicar of Scarborough, is to be Bishop Suffragan of Hull. He was educated at King's College, London; became Vicar of Scarborough in 1864, and Surrogate of the Diocese of York in 1869; Rural Dean of Scarborough, 1870; Archdeacon of the East Riding of Yorkshire, 1873; and Canon of York, 1882. Archdeacon Blunt was made Honorary Chaplain to the Queen in 1881, and became a Chaplain-in-Ordinary in 1885. He was formerly Prebendary of Grindall, in York Cathedral, 1871-82; select preacher at Cambridge, 1886; and lecturer in Pastoral Theology at Cambridge, 1887. Dr. Blunt is author of "The Divine Patriot" and other Sermons, and of "Confirmation Lectures." He was offered the Bishopric of Melbourne, in succession to Bishop Moorhouse, in 1886, by the Archbishops and Bishops to whom the nomination was entrusted, but he then declined the charge of the Australian diocese.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Russell and Sons, 17, Baker Street.

## THE CZAREVITCH IN CEYLON.

His Imperial Highness the Czarévitch, eldest son of the Emperor of Russia, arrived at Colombo on Feb. 12 in the Russian flagship *Pamiat Azova*, escorted by the cruiser *Vladimir Monomach*, and by H.M.S. *Turquoise*, from Tuticorin. The breakwater was crowded with people watching the ships as they steamed into the harbour. All the craft, small and great, had their bunting on in honour of the illustrious

visitor. The squadron was greeted with a salute from the *Boadicea*, Admiral Fremantle's flagship, which was duly returned by the *Pamiat Azova*. His Imperial Highness and party landed in the evening. The Governor, meeting them at the jetty, drove with them to Queen's House, where they remained to dinner. The road all along was lined with troops, and there were abundant decorations. Next morning the Czarévitch left Colombo for Kandy and the hills, on a shooting trip. On the 17th he was at Labugama, where a "kraal" had been prepared. He witnessed the noosing of nine elephants, including a baby elephant, which, after a little training, is to be sent to Russia, being a present to the Czarévitch. On the whole, the Czarévitch was pleased with all that had been done in Ceylon to make his visit agreeable and interesting. He dispatched a telegram to the Queen, making special mention of Sir Arthur Havelock, the Governor of Ceylon. After nearly a fortnight's stay, the Czarévitch left Ceylon on Feb. 24, for Singapore and Eastern Asia.

Our Illustration is from a sketch by Mr. W. W. Bering, of the Survey Department, Colombo.

## AN INDIAN NAUTCH.

The "nautch," or exhibition of dancing girls, a favourite entertainment in the private houses of the richer classes among the natives of India, has generally been regarded by European visitors as a rather dull and tedious spectacle. Handsome young women, either performing singly or in a company, heavily attired in stiff and gorgeous robes, with as many jewels as they can procure, go through a series of slow gestures which are supposed to be graceful, accompanied with music not of a lively character, and their languishing glances would not seem particularly seductive to men of a Western race. The æsthetic sensibilities of Oriental nations are different from ours; vivacity in womanhood finds little favour with them; no gesture is charming that is not expressive of submission. The nautch, as a mere exhibition, is perfectly decorous; but the ordinary professional female dancers hired for the amusement of wealthy natives do not bear a good reputation.

## MUSIC IN THE ROYAL NAVY.

The sailor is apt to be a lover of song, and our English Jack Tars are fond of music; we should like to believe that they sing the manly ditties of Dibdin, to which landmen have often listened with a rapturous admiration of maritime life. Naval officers wisely encourage the practice and enjoyment of music among their crews. We are indebted to Captain W. P. Drury, of the Royal Marines, serving on board H.M.S. *Edinburgh* at Malta, for the pleasant Sketches. A first-class ironclad battle-ship will have its regular professional band of the Royal Marines; while a corvette, of the "C class," may put up with the "Squeezee" band of amateur volunteers from the ship's company, who need a good deal of instruction. But many a young seaman, forward, is willing enough to earn the applause of his comrades by trying what he can do with the handiest instrument picked up where he has gone ashore. In the Mediterranean Squadron, probably, this may be a guitar, and he will have learnt some favourite piece of Verdi's operas, such as one of the airs in the "Trovatore," from an Italian minstrel on the quay. Let his ship be on the Chinese station, he may hear the music of Japan, and possess himself of a native instrument which he thrums in a fashion of his own, accompanied by lively capers on deck. Sentimental English songs, however, reminding the men of home and friends, are received with unfeigned interest. It is pathetic, as well as comic, when tender feelings are awakened in the company by a jolly young fellow giving utterance to the most plaintive strains, with reference to "The dyesies [daisies] on my little sister's grave."

## SIBERIA IN WINTER.

Our Special Artist, Mr. Julius M. Price, who finds life quite enjoyable in December and January at the highly civilised Russian towns of Yeniseisk and Krasnoïarsk, despite the assertions of the thermometer which nobody can deny, but which nobody minds in Siberia, contributes some more Sketches. That of a lady and gentleman, perhaps of the richer class at Yeniseisk who profit by the working of the gold-mines, taking their daily drive on the fashionable promenade, illustrates the account which he has given of the habits of the local society; and he says that the style of equipage, and particularly the fine horses, belonging to wealthy or aristocratic or dignified official persons in Siberia would not disgrace Hyde Park or the Bois de Boulogne. A lady in Siberia wears a white silk handkerchief over her hat, round the back of her head; she does not carry a muff, but tucks her hands inside the cuffs of her pelisse.

Popular or plebeian life does not seem to be more miserable than in Europe. Provisions in a Siberian town are cheaper in winter than in summer, because meat and all other edibles are kept frozen during several months; and the prices are then extremely low; beef, mutton, or pork is sold at three-halfpence or twopence the pound; such fish as sterlet or sturgeon, about eightpence for three pounds; and white bread threepence the pound, black (rye) bread one penny; butter, ninepence to a shilling, milk less than twopence the gallon. Everything has to be thawed by the purchaser and consumer, and we are not told the cost of fuel.

Our Artist sketched a corner of the market-place at Yeniseisk which struck him as a rather quaint scene. Once a week a market is held, and peasants from the neighbouring villages arrive with their rough sledges, filled with agricultural and other produce. They draw up in lines, side by side; and the townspeople gather around them, while diligent housekeepers look for the articles they want to buy. An observer might think there was more talking than actual business done; but that is characteristic, we believe, of similar market-places everywhere in the world.

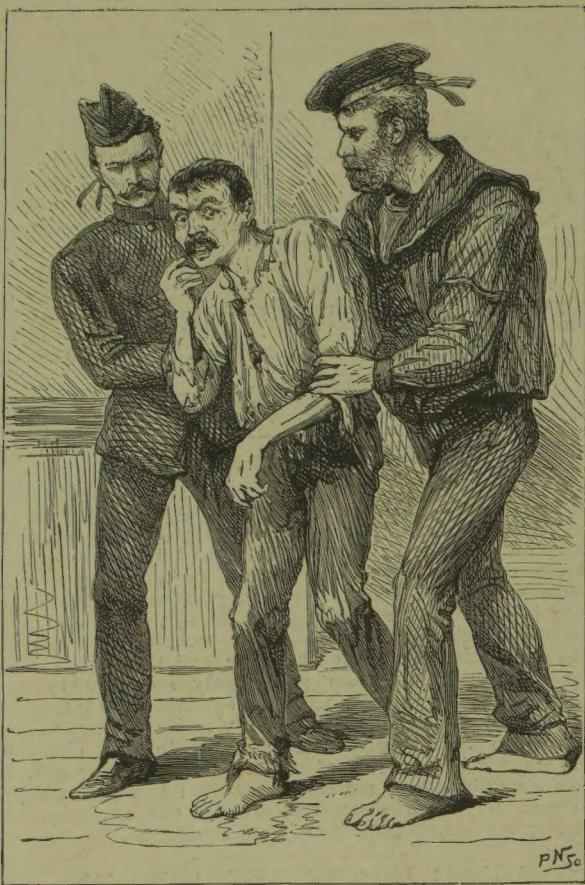
Fetching water from the frozen river at Yeniseisk is the subject of another Sketch. As soon as the river begins to freeze over, holes are cut in the ice to allow of water being taken during the winter. Were this not done at once it would probably be very difficult later on, as the ice increases in thickness with extraordinary rapidity. At the time of making this Sketch, barely a month after the Yenisei was blocked, the ice already measured nearly 2 ft. 8 in. in thickness. The men here represented form part of quite a large company of water-carriers, who, in the event of a fire in the town, are bound to give the use of their sledges or carts and horses, and also to lend a hand themselves. The water-holes are dug some distance from the banks of the river, often almost in mid-stream. It was curious to see the numbers of pigeons and small birds congregated round about the holes.

The snow-scavenger at Krasnoïarsk is a public servant whom many Western cities might employ with advantage. This work is excellently managed. Late at night the sidewalks are regularly swept, and all superfluous snow is cleared away. The London vestries and London County Council should note this Siberian example before next winter.

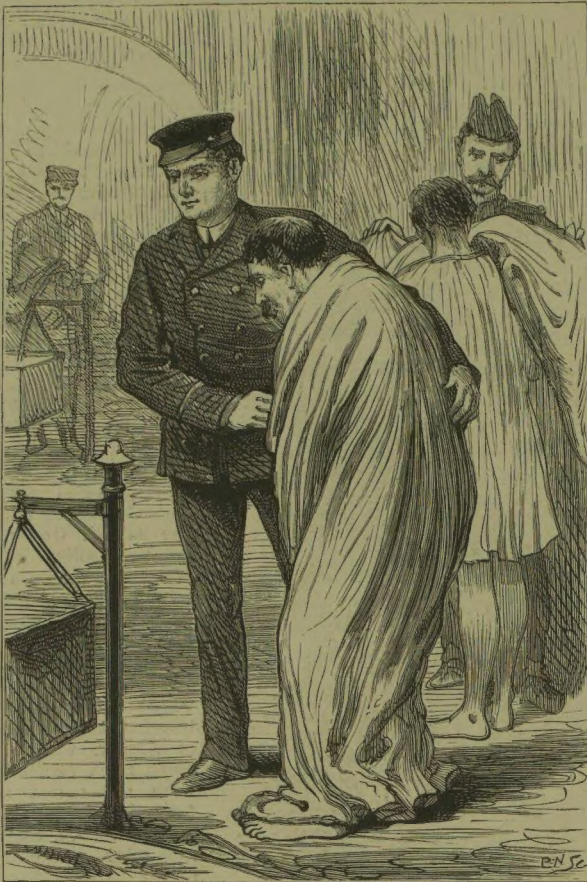


ARCHDEACON BLUNT, THE NEW BISHOP OF HULL.

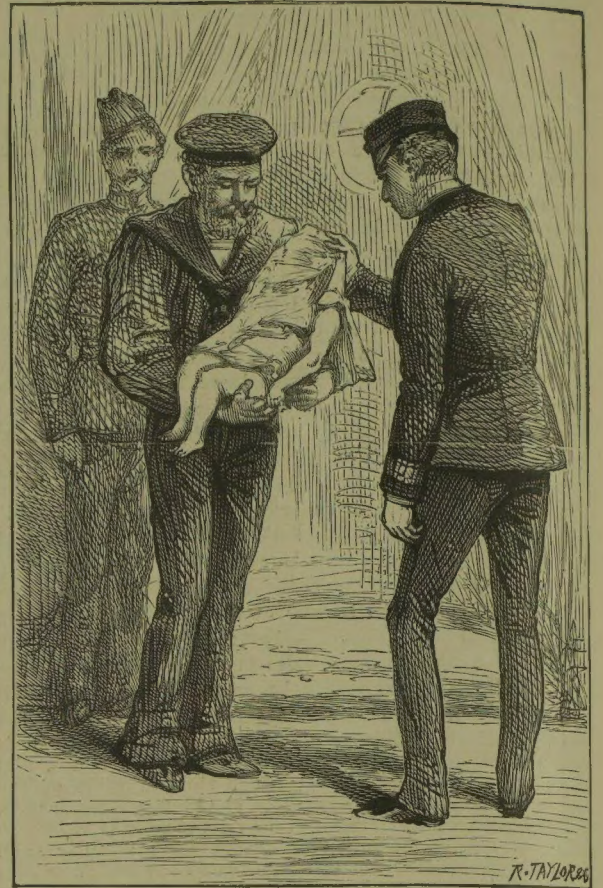




ONE OF THE RESCUED.



RESTORATION IN THE SICK BAY.



"ASLEEP?" "NO, SIR—DEAD!"

## THE WRECK OF THE STEAMSHIP UTOPIA AT GIBRALTAR.

## WRECK OF THE UTOPIA AT GIBRALTAR.

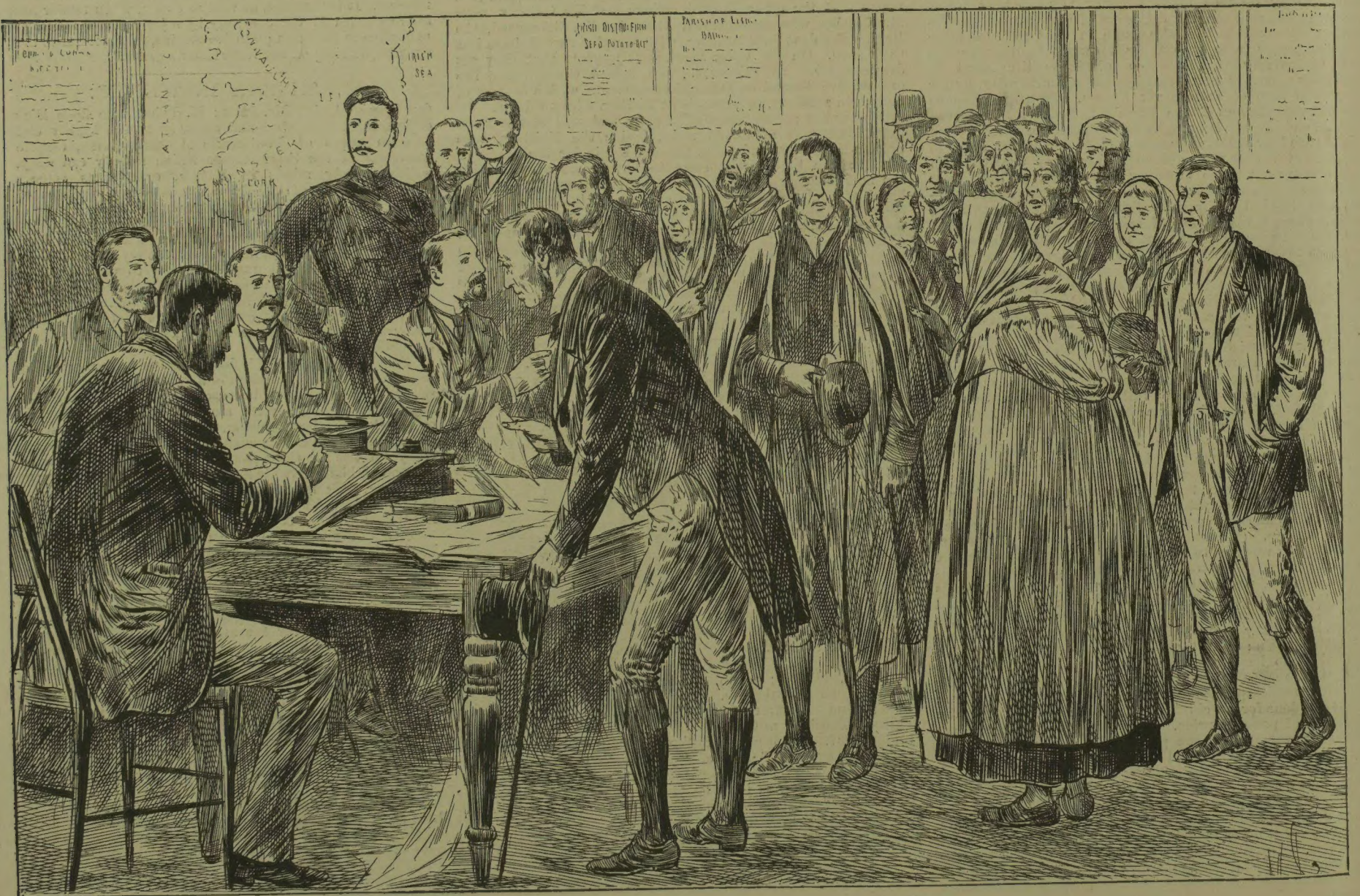
The terrible disaster in the harbour of Gibraltar, when the great steam-ship, carrying over eight hundred Italian emigrants on their voyage to New York, drifted foul of H.M.S. Anson at the anchorage, tore a hole in her bottom with the pointed ram of the ironclad battle-ship, and sank in ten minutes, amid a violent gale and high sea, preventing the relief of those on board the Utopia, will long be remembered. Great praise is due to the efforts of the seamen of her Majesty's ships, and of the Swedish frigate Freya, to rescue the men, women, and children struggling in the water. The Freya picked up forty-three persons; thirty-nine were picked up by the Rodney, thirty-three by the Anson, two by the Immortalité,

twenty-two by the Curlew, forty-six by the Camperdown, and six by the Amber. Some of those rescued from the water presently died of exhaustion. A correspondent, Mr. C. W. Cole, furnishes sketches of the scenes when they were taken on board the Anson. The total loss of life was 576, while about three hundred were saved, including half the crew.

## RELIEF OF IRISH DISTRESS.

The measures for the relief of local distress in some districts of Ireland, undertaken by Mr. A. J. Balfour, the Chief Secretary, after his tour of personal inspection early in the winter, and partly aided by a large public subscription fund, as well as by the Government, have been steadily in opera-

tion. The duty of selecting, procuring, and distributing the seed potatoes is imposed on the guardians of each poor-law union, and they are empowered to contract for the supply, and secure the best possible article for seed. Inspectors are chosen by the Local Government Board, who act with the Committee of the Board of Guardians, supply them with forms of tender, and inspect the potatoes as they are delivered to the people. When the seed supplied does not come up to the sample, or is insufficient in quantity, the inspectors communicate with the contractors, who in all cases make good the loss without any extra expense to the Union. Our illustration shows the scene at the Board-room of the Clonakilty Union, in the western part of the county of Cork, when applicants for seed potatoes were in attendance.



RELIEF OF IRISH DISTRESS: APPLYING FOR SEED POTATOES AT THE BOARD ROOM, CLONAKILTY UNION.





ARRIVAL OF THE QUEEN AT GRASSE: HER MAJESTY PASSING THROUGH THE TOWN TO THE GRAND HOTEL.



## THE QUEEN AT GRASSE.

Her Majesty the Queen and Princess Beatrice, whose arrival at Grasse, on Wednesday, March 25, is more particularly described on another page, seem to be enjoying their residence in that pleasant old Provençal town, with its wealth of flowers and fragrant scents and the picturesque neighbouring scenery. Prince Henry of Battenberg has been confined some days, by

furtively in waiting to compass the ruin of their old parents, and lovers beggar the women they adore in order to have a hold over them, and husbands lie and deceive their wives, and sensualists cast aside their mistresses, and brothers' hands are raised against the happiness and honour of their brothers, and how after ambition comes ruin, and after ruin comes death. Indeed, it is a true, an over-true, picture.

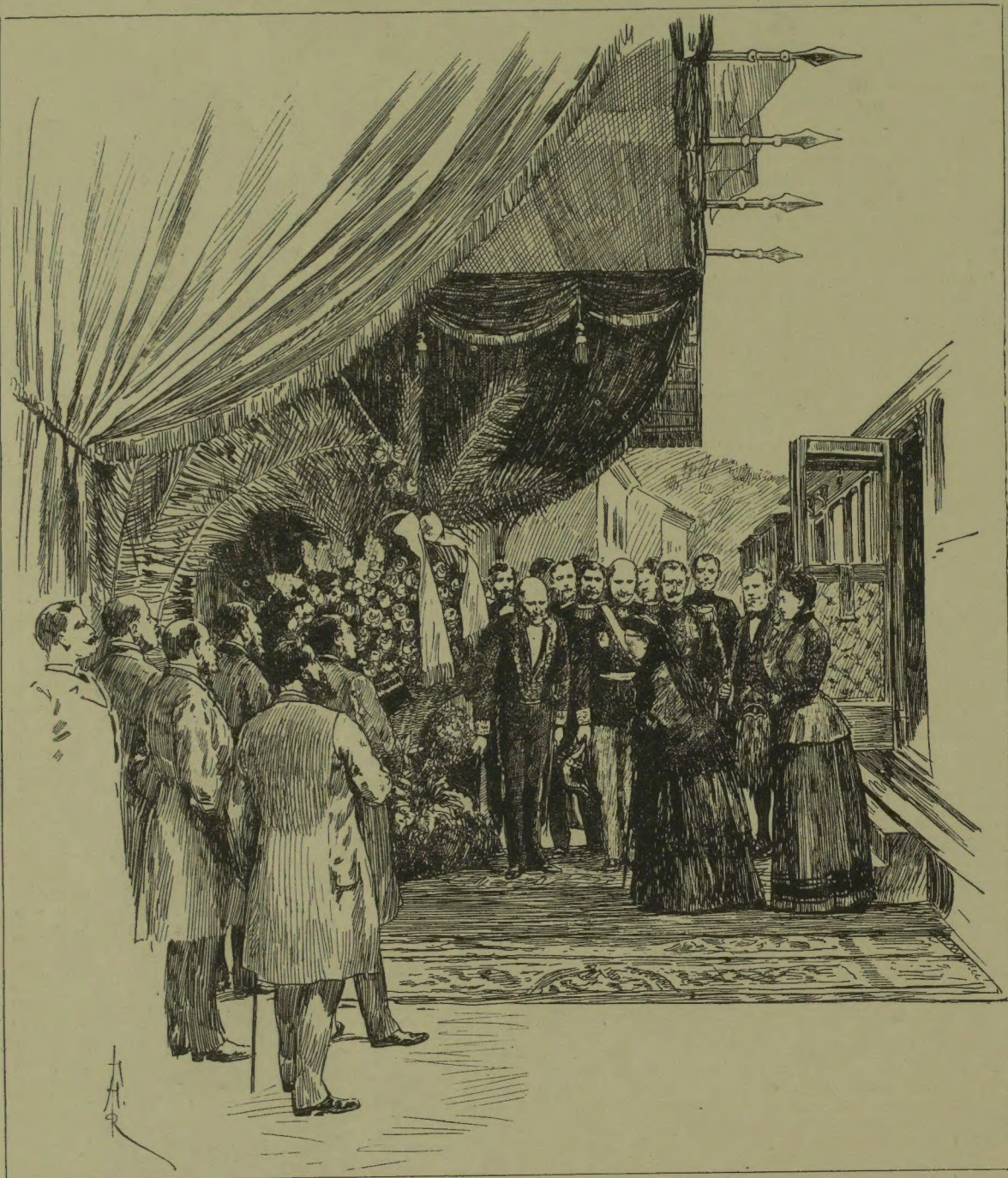
It is a modern tragedy concealed in the attractive frame

very little fault can be found with the Old Nick or the Young Nick either. On Mr. W. H. Vernon and Mr. Lewis Waller the success of the play mainly depends. When they are tried they are certainly not found wanting. Both are natural, both are effective—the one a presentment of genial commercial heartlessness and avarice, the other an uncompromising picture of sullen, dogged greed that stops at nothing in mounting the ladder of avarice. The performance of Mr. Lewis Waller is, indeed, a very remarkable one, and artistic in the highest degree. Mr. J. L. Shine, unfortunately, was selected for a character that is not within his range or style; and, though none of the female characters have much opportunity, seeing that they have no interest, still, Miss Fanny Brough succeeds once more in the style of character that she has performed so often in various plays that she must be heartily sick of it. The dominant fault of Mr. Bronson Howard's play is that he has not been able to separate his comic and serious interests in scenes where they clash with one another. Every throb of excitement is checked with a "guffaw." I am told that American audiences don't mind this—in fact, that they rather like it; and as Mr. Bronson Howard wrote his play for American, not for English, tastes, he naturally suited his subject to his people. If it be so, I am sorry for American audiences. For my own part, I don't think that farce and tragedy mix well in the same scene.

## FOREIGN NEWS.

The most respectable French papers have been discussing the Newfoundland question in a friendly but firm tone, from which it is easy to see that they look upon the arbitration as being strictly limited to the question of the lobster-canning industry, and in no case to be extended to the wider subject of the French rights on a portion of the Newfoundland coast. They also scout the notion that the cession of Gambia would be considered by France a sufficient compensation for her rights; and from private advices to hand it is equally certain that even Sierra Leone, were it offered to the French, would not be thought by them an adequate compensation for the abandonment of the rights they enjoy in virtue of the treaty of Utrecht.

The Balkan Peninsula once more provides Europe with a political sensation. On the evening of March 27, as M. Stambouloff and M. Belcheff were entering their official residences, which are contiguous, a man armed with a revolver fired three shots at M. Belcheff, and made good his escape, although he was pursued some distance by a gendarme who, it is reported, struck the murderer with his sword. The passers-by, attracted by the report of the revolver shots, hastened to the help of M. Belcheff, who, however, had been killed on the spot. There is no doubt that the shots which struck M. Belcheff, the Minister of Finance, were intended for M. Stambouloff, the Bulgarian Premier, and it is asserted by people who pretend to know the facts that the attempt to assassinate M. Stambouloff was directly connected with the Bendereff plot which was lately discovered before any harm had been done. It is pointed out that, April 5 being the date on which Prince Ferdinand's term of office as Governor of Eastern Roumelia legally expires, the disappearance of M. Stambouloff before that date would have enabled Russia to declare that Bulgaria was in a state of anarchy, at the same time depriving Prince Ferdinand of the only adviser who could show a bold front to Russia and the Porte. This view seems to be shared in Germany, where leading journals such as the *Cologne Gazette* note a significant coincidence between the murder of M. Belcheff and Russian intrigues against Bulgaria, and in Austria, where the murder is spoken of as being the outcome of a Russian plot. What this plot was to be is not quite clear, but it is said that Major Bendereff had organised bands of men armed with Berdan rifles, who were to enter Bulgaria from Servia and Roumelia and march on Sofia. The assassination of M. Stambouloff was to have been the signal for an advance on the Bulgarian capital and the outbreak of a guerilla war. It now remains to be seen what M. Stambouloff will do, and also whether Russia is to exchange a passive attitude for an active policy in the Balkans. It is not unlikely that M. Stambouloff may proclaim the independence of Bulgaria. This would rouse the anger of Russia and the jealousy of Roumania and Servia, which happen just now to be ruled by Ministers who are credited with Russian tendencies. The possibilities, therefore, are that a storm may break out in the Balkan Peninsula before long. In any case, there is plenty of inflammable materials gathered there, and a spark may at any moment set the whole in a blaze.



THE QUEEN'S RECEPTION AT THE GRASSE RAILWAY STATION.

an attack of measles, to his apartments at the Grand Hotel, where the royal family are staying. The Queen has the society of Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who is a visitor at the Villa Rothschild; and the young widowed Duchess of Albany is at Cannes, ten miles distant. On Saturday, March 28, the anniversary of the lamented death of Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, at Cannes, seven years ago, her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove to that town, and passed the day with the Duchess of Albany, at the Villa Nevada. The royal party on Sunday attended divine worship at the small English church at Grasse; the officiating clergyman was the Rev. J. Aitken, incumbent of St. George's Church at Cannes. On Monday the townsfolk and municipality of Grasse exhibited a "Battle of Flowers," the peculiar street festival pageant of the Riviera towns, with a procession beheld by the Queen and the Princess from the balcony of the Grand Hotel. Her Majesty has made several agreeable carriage excursions to view the places that we have described and illustrated within ten or twelve miles of Grasse. We are obliged to the Rev. Newman Hall for a leaf of his sketch-book with a view of Gourdon, visited by the Queen on Saturday, the 28th: it is a village about nine miles north-east of Grasse, on the heights above Le Bar and the romantic glens of the Loup.

## THE PLAYHOUSES.

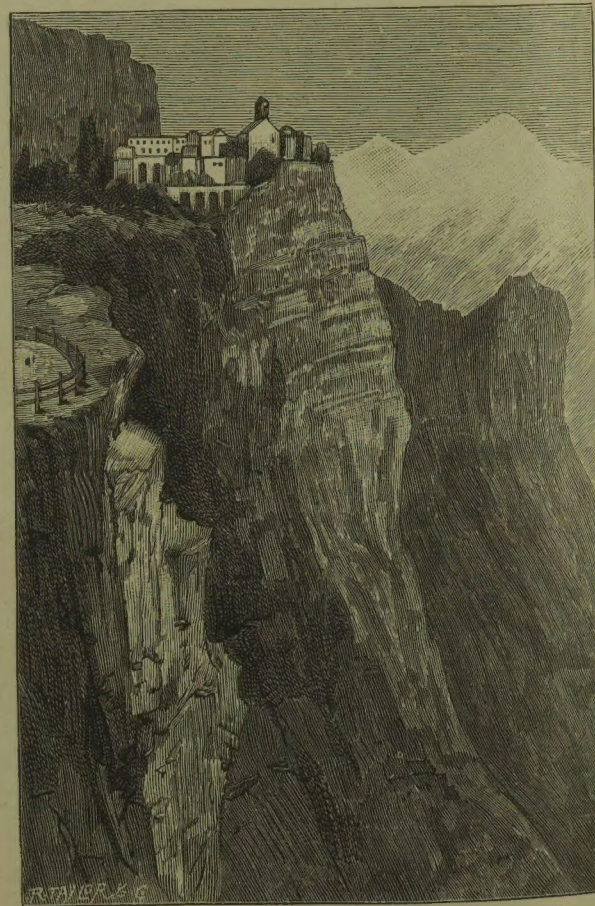
BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Easter has come, and with it not the flowers of spring, alas! but the start of the summer theatrical season. And it has started with a surprise. Mr. Bronson Howard, most earnest and delightful of writers, has joined the realists, who are throwing up their caps with joy at the sudden conversion. Yes, the kindly and sympathetic author of "The Old Love and the New" and "Young Mrs. Winthrop" has, apparently, been bitten with the craze of unconventionality, and in "The Henrietta" has given the first evidence of his departure from the ranks of the idealists. He has written a clever play on a new basis, and discarded the grammatical rules that hitherto have influenced dramatic composition. He has given us a modern play, a play of to-day, a play of stocks and shares and business and commerce. He has introduced to the stage the telephone, the tape, and the electric bell. He has taken us into a real office, with real furniture, real excitement, real nervous depression. He has shown us that it is possible to interest an audience without female interest, without a love-story, without romance. Let credit be honestly given where credit is due, for, whether we like the new departure or not, Mr. Bronson Howard has held his own with his modern drama of Wall Street. Everyone must go and see the play, or they cannot join in the discussion that will arise on it. They must become acquainted with Old Nick and Young Nick. They must see how in these modern days of hurry, excitement, vulgarity, and ambition fathers cheat their daughters, and daughters "do" their fathers, and sons lie

of a farce. It is no less true of Capel Court than of Wall Street. Within a few hundred yards of the Royal Exchange, E.C., we have our Old Nicks and Young Nicks; we have our passion of greed, our awful Mammon-worship. Close by the Bank of England we have our youths who become prematurely old with the labour of money-grubbing, and fall down dead in the silence of the counting-house as the money-making or money-crushing machine goes "tick! tick! tick!" and the tape rolls out its feverish and accursed record. Realism must be congratulated on one thing, at any rate. It has secured a dramatist as its last convert. Mr. Bronson Howard is no wearisome, dull, and boring preacher. He understands the stage. He does not put a couple of characters on the stage and bid them talk, talk, talk until we feel inclined to throw things at them or go to sleep. His method is exactly the converse of that of the "master." He writes for the stage, not for the study. If there be a fault in his work, he suggests too much and describes too little. He leaves his effects for the actors and actresses to bring out, and when they fail to understand them, unfortunately he suffers. They tell me that "The Henrietta" was far better played at New York than in London. I can well understand it, for, though on the whole the general performance was even, there were far too many square pegs in round holes. On this point, however, I am at issue with Mr. Bronson Howard, for he has placed on record the fact that he is perfectly satisfied with the acting in "The Henrietta." If it be so, I am sorry for him. If I were empowered to cast the play as it should be cast, I fancy the author would moderate some of his enthusiasm over the inevitable.

It is curious to notice how many distinct developments of realism there have been on the modern stage, even in our own time. A certain section of the public has always been in favour of realistic effect. Years ago the unthinking and vulgar portion of an audience was vowed to reality; now we are told the intellectual playgoer upholds it. I can remember the first good house on fire in "The Streets of London," and the first real hansom cab in "The Great City," and the first horse-race in "Flying Scud," and the first University Boat-Race in "Formosa," and the first realistic office scene in "The Ticket-of-Leave Man," and a "tick! tick! tick!" telegraphic effect in "The Long Strike," just as exciting and effective as that now given in "The Henrietta." But in those days the serious critics joined hand and heart to protest against such realism as a degradation to art, as a pandering to unintellectuality. How times change! Now we are told that it is the exposition of the real and the actual in life that is the highest form of art. Well, we shall all see where it will end, and meanwhile we may all rejoice that Mr. Bronson Howard is, like his predecessor Dion Boucicault, a dramatist and a wholesome writer. He has got as far Cityward as Lombard Street. I, for one, earnestly trust that he will stay his path before he arrives at Guy's Hospital. The counting-house is better than the clinical ward.

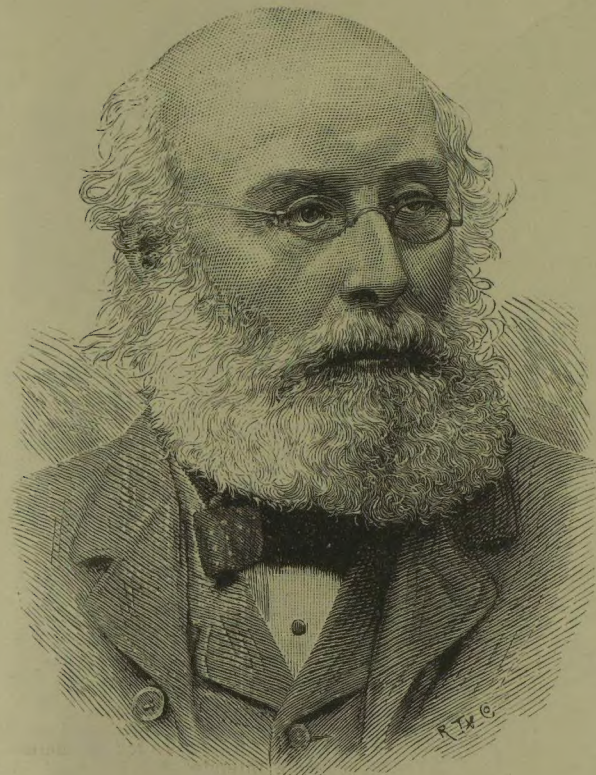
Whatever may be said about the acting in "The Henrietta,"

GOURDON, NEAR GRASSE, VISITED BY THE QUEEN.  
FROM A SKETCH BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL.



## PERSONAL.

The death on April 1, at the age of seventy-five, of Dr. Morell, the grammarian, removes an author with whose writings at least one generation of British boys and girls is tolerably familiar. John Daniel Morell was born at Little Baddow, in Essex, in 1816, where his father was for fifty-three years an Independent minister. Young Morell was himself for a short time in the same ministry, but preferred philosophy to theology, and published before he was thirty years of age an "Historical and Critical View of the Speculative Philosophy of Europe in the Nineteenth Century," a book which Dean Mansell declared gave him his first taste for philosophical studies. Other books on the same lines came at intervals from his pen; but he is best known to the public by his "Grammar and



THE LATE DR. J. D. MORELL.

Analysis," which had for many years an enormous circulation throughout Great Britain and the Colonies. In 1846 Dr. Morell, on the nomination of Lord Lansdowne, was made one of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, he being the first and, for some time, the only one appointed for Dissenters. This office he occupied for many years with entire success.

The usual Show Sunday function, which, curiously enough, fell on Easter Day, was not made more brilliant by the bitter cold, and by the fact that some prominent artists have been compelled to relinquish in despair the task of finishing their work in time for the spring exhibitions. The winter has been both dark and long, the fogs unparalleled in density. Mr. Faed, Mr. Hubert Schmalz, and others are among the sufferers from climate, Mr. Schmalz's work in Palestine having been thrown away, so far as the coming shows are concerned.

However, the great names in modern English art will, after all, be very fairly represented. The President sends to the Academy alone four works, including the treatment of three classical subjects—"Perseus and Andromeda," "The Return of Persephone," and the Athlete (in marble), the fourth contribution being a portrait. Sir John Millais follows his more recent habit of varying portraits with landscape, and his "Lingering Autumn" will accompany his portrait of Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain, and two other portraits.

Mr. Burne-Jones has one of his large subjects, a finely treated "Adoration of the King," and a small work illustrated from the Song of Solomon. Mr. Watts's contribution is small, and the new Academician, Mr. Gow, has only one historical picture. Mr. David Murray, the latest of the associates, has been more active, his Academy work consisting of three English landscapes. Generally speaking, the worse characteristics of most Academies, the excessive representation of the Academicians, are absent, Mr. Orchardson, with his five portraits—including that of Mr. Walter Gilbey, presented the other day—topping the list in point of numbers. Both Mr. Watts and Mr. Briton Rivière are represented by one portrait only. Mr. Alma Tadema sends two pictures to Burlington House, including the most interesting portrait of the year, that of the Irish Secretary.

The sudden death of Lord Truro, from heart-disease, removes a peer of considerable, if rather curious, social activity. He was a lawyer, a volunteer of great enthusiasm and experience, and he had a taste for research and literature. The last fancy he gratified by founding the Society for the Promotion of Universal Knowledge, a kind of voluntary information bureau, with headquarters in Bloomsbury, which really did good work in its way. He was a strong Unionist, and was the founder of a vigorous little weekly for the promotion of the cause, entitled the *Sphinx*, which, however, had a briefer existence than its title would seem to warrant. Lord Truro had many high commands in connection with the volunteer movement.

Cricket, and especially the art of wicket-keeping, is the poorer for the loss of Richard Pilling, the Lancashire professional, who died on March 28. Pilling had been lost to the game in which he excelled for some time before his death, but at his best, and before his health broke down, he was a brilliant wicket-keeper. He was quicker with his hands than Sherwin, the crack Notts wicket-keeper, whom, on the whole, perhaps, he excelled. On

the other hand, he could hardly claim to rank in the same class as Blackham, the Australian; and young Mr. McGregor, whose brilliant performances last season were the theme of all cricketers, would have run him hard. However, he was in his time, perhaps, the neatest of English wicket-keepers, and he was a serviceable, if not safe, bat.

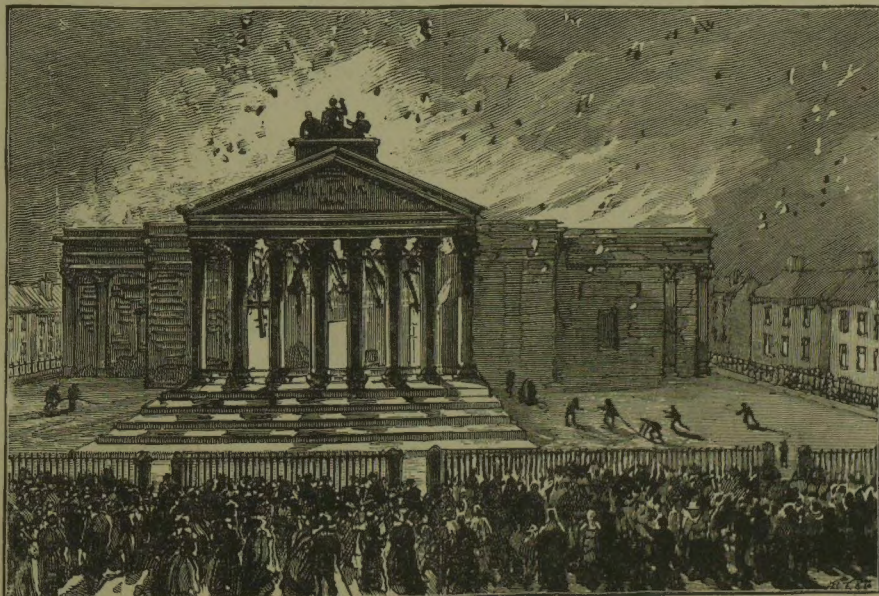
The series of golfing handicaps between members of the two Houses of Parliament and journalists in the reporters' gallery and lobby of the House of Commons, which will be played off as soon as Parliament reassembles, ought to give rise to some very fine if not brilliant play. There is no first-rate "golfer" in the House of Commons, though Mr. Finlay is a good performer, the two best players being members of the staff of the *Scotsman* and the *Times*. Both Mr. Balfour and his brother, Mr. G. W. Balfour, will take part in the handicaps, the Irish Secretary being pitted against a brother member, and Mr. Gerald Balfour against the London correspondent of the *Scotsman*. Mr. Broadhurst, who plays a very fair all-round game, has drawn Mr. Baird, one of the members for Glasgow. The games will be played on the excellent links at Tooting Common, but in order to avoid a crowd the dates of the various handicaps will not be given. Otherwise, the spectacle of Mr. Balfour golfing would have been an attraction of unsurpassed interest.

It is curious to note the estimation in which Mr. Parnell holds his late followers. Thus he referred to Mr. Healy as "the foul-mouthed Timothy Healy." Mr. Healy was originally Mr. Parnell's private secretary; but he and his late chief have been at loggerheads for years, so that the outburst is not surprising. It is hard, however, for Mr. Sexton to find himself dubbed "uncertain and maudlin," for poor Mr. Sexton has done his best to mitigate the ferocity of Mr. Healy's attacks on Mr. Parnell, and has had more than one tussle with his colleague on that account. Mr. Davitt is coolly described as "hysterical," which, again, is a fitting reward for what "the father of the Land League" to-day considers excessive consideration for Mr. Parnell's personality.

By the way, Mr. Parnell has very nearly lost two of his ablest followers in the persons of Mr. John O'Connor and Mr. Henry Harrison, who have been dangerously ill in the States. Mr. O'Connor is an ex-commercial traveller, once a prominent Fenian, with a certain gift of tall talk, which, united with a height of about 6 ft. 3 in., makes him a favourite figure on popular platforms. Mr. Henry Harrison is the young Balliol man who distinguished himself at the Falcarragh evictions, and later at Tipperary.

The Rev. C. L. Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll, who, a quarter of a century ago, invented "Alice in Wonderland" and her fascinating successor for the amusement of the late Canon Liddon's little daughter, is as tenderly attached to his mathematical studies as he is to children, which is saying a great deal. His pleasant rooms in "Tom's Tower," Christ Church College, are crowded with interesting mementoes, and his bookshelves teem with rare first editions. Among the former may be observed some delightful little photographs of all the more celebrated members of the Terry family at a very tender age. The counterfeit presentations of Miss Ellen Terry and Mrs. Arthur Lewis (Kate Terry) at that early stage of their existence are especially quaint and charming. Another remarkable portrait, "taken," by the way, by Mr. Dodgson himself (for he is an accomplished amateur photographer), is that of the Rossettis sitting together in a garden, with a picturesque background of shadowy trees. The likeness of the poet-painter, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, has here more than ever a strikingly Shakespearian look. From the queer, helpless confusion and topsy-turvydom of everything and everybody in Alice's world, one would hardly suppose that this author was a being of absolutely rigid order and routine. Yet Mr. Dodgson is a disciplinarian of the strictest kind. His register of letters received and answered or unanswered, as the case may be, is kept with unflinching exactitude, as is also his record (would that all book-borrowers might follow his example!) of volumes borrowed and lent. Mr. Dodgson is tall and spare, with a clean-shaven, half-humorous, half-melancholy face, and that shy, precise manner not entirely foreign to the University "Don."

Foremost among those who have lately interested themselves in "General" Booth's scheme, and in the practical working of the Salvation Army, is Cardinal Manning, whose approval, or the opposite, is even now, it is said, hanging in the balance, pending some strictly impartial and searching investigations which are being pursued. The interior of his Eminence's house at Westminster suggests somewhat of the character of a Roman palazzo, with, moreover, a decided air of stately asceticism. The vast high-vaulted suite of rooms, with their long narrow windows reaching almost from floor to ceiling, are furnished sparsely with beautiful antique Italian furniture of severe design. At one end of the reception chamber is a raised dais, where the Cardinal receives visitors of rank. A little incident, curiously characteristic of Cardinal Manning's whole-souled human-kindliness and sense of kinship with his fellow-men, occurred the other day. A distinguished American painter, who has just completed a portrait of his Eminence, suggested, during one of the sittings, that the more formal *biretta* should be worn in place of the simple skullcap of crimson silk. But the proposal was at once and emphatically negatived. "No," said the Cardinal, "I will be painted in this—it is the more human."



BURNING OF THE COURT-HOUSE AT CORK.

## OBITUARY.

EARL GRANVILLE, K.G.

The Right Hon. Granville George Leveson-Gower, Knight of the Garter, second Earl Granville, an eminent statesman of the Liberal Party, and frequently a Cabinet Minister, died on March 31. Born May 11, 1815, son of the first Earl Granville, who was created a Peer in the same year, he entered the diplomatic service in 1836, under his father, then at the Paris Embassy. He was elected M.P. for Morpeth, and was appointed Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs towards the end of the Melbourne Ministry. In 1846 he succeeded to the earldom, and held the office of Master of the Buckhounds till 1848, when Lord John Russell made him Vice-President of the Board of Trade, and since that time Earl Granville has been a conspicuous political personage. He has been thrice Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—namely, in 1851 and 1852, taking the place of Lord Palmerston; and under two of Mr. Gladstone's Administrations, from 1870 to 1874, and from 1880 to 1885. He was Lord President of the Council, likewise, on three several occasions, in 1853 with the Aberdeen Ministry, in 1855 and following years, and from 1859 to 1866; and was twice Colonial Secretary in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinets of 1868 and 1886. In the House of Lords, whether as Leader of the Ministerial or of the Opposition Party, he was an able and persuasive debater. Among other public services, he was Ambassador to Russia in 1856 at the coronation of Alexander II., and President of the Commissioners of the Great Exhibition of 1862. Lord Granville held the offices of Constable of Dover Castle and Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports; and he was Chancellor of the University of London. He married, first, the widow of Sir Ferdinand Acton, Bart., a daughter of the Duc de Dalberg; and, secondly, a daughter of the late Mr. Campbell of Islay. He died at the house of his nephew, Mr. George Leveson-Gower, M.P., in London.

THE EARL OF MILLTOWN.

The Right Hon. Henry, seventh Earl of Milltown, Viscount and Baron Russborough, died at the Imperial Hotel, Torquay, on March 24. His Lordship was born Jan. 22, 1837, the youngest son of Joseph, fourth Earl, K.P., by Barbara, Lady Castlecoote, his wife, second daughter and co-heiress of Sir Joshua Colles Meredyth, Bart. He received his education at Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated with distinction, and was called to the Irish Bar in 1860. For some years he was Chamberlain of the Household to the successive Viceroy, Lords Carlisle, Kimberley, and Spencer, and in the May of last year succeeded his brother as Earl of Milltown. The fine seat of Russborough, near Blessington, in the county of Wicklow, long the inheritance of the Earls of Milltown, is now the residence of the widow of the sixth Earl.

LORD TRURO.

The Right Honourable Charles Robert Claude Wilde, second Baron Truro, of Bowes, in the county of Middlesex, in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, J.P. and D.L., Colonel-Commandant 3rd Middlesex Artillery Volunteers, and Hon. Colonel 4th Middlesex Rifle Volunteers, died, on March 27, at his residence, in Dover Street. He was born on Nov. 1, 1816, the elder son of the Right Hon. Sir Thomas Wilde, the distinguished lawyer, who succeeded Sir Nicholas Tindal as Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in 1846, and became Lord High Chancellor in 1850, when he was created Baron Truro. The nobleman whose death we record was well known for his long connection with the Volunteer Force. He married, June 12, 1838, Lucy, youngest daughter of Mr. Robert Ray, and was left a widower, without issue, Oct. 5, 1879. His nephew and successor is Thomas Montague Carrington, now third Lord Truro, was born in 1856, and married, in 1882, to Alice Hare, daughter of Captain Edward Hare Maunsell, R.N., of Bath.

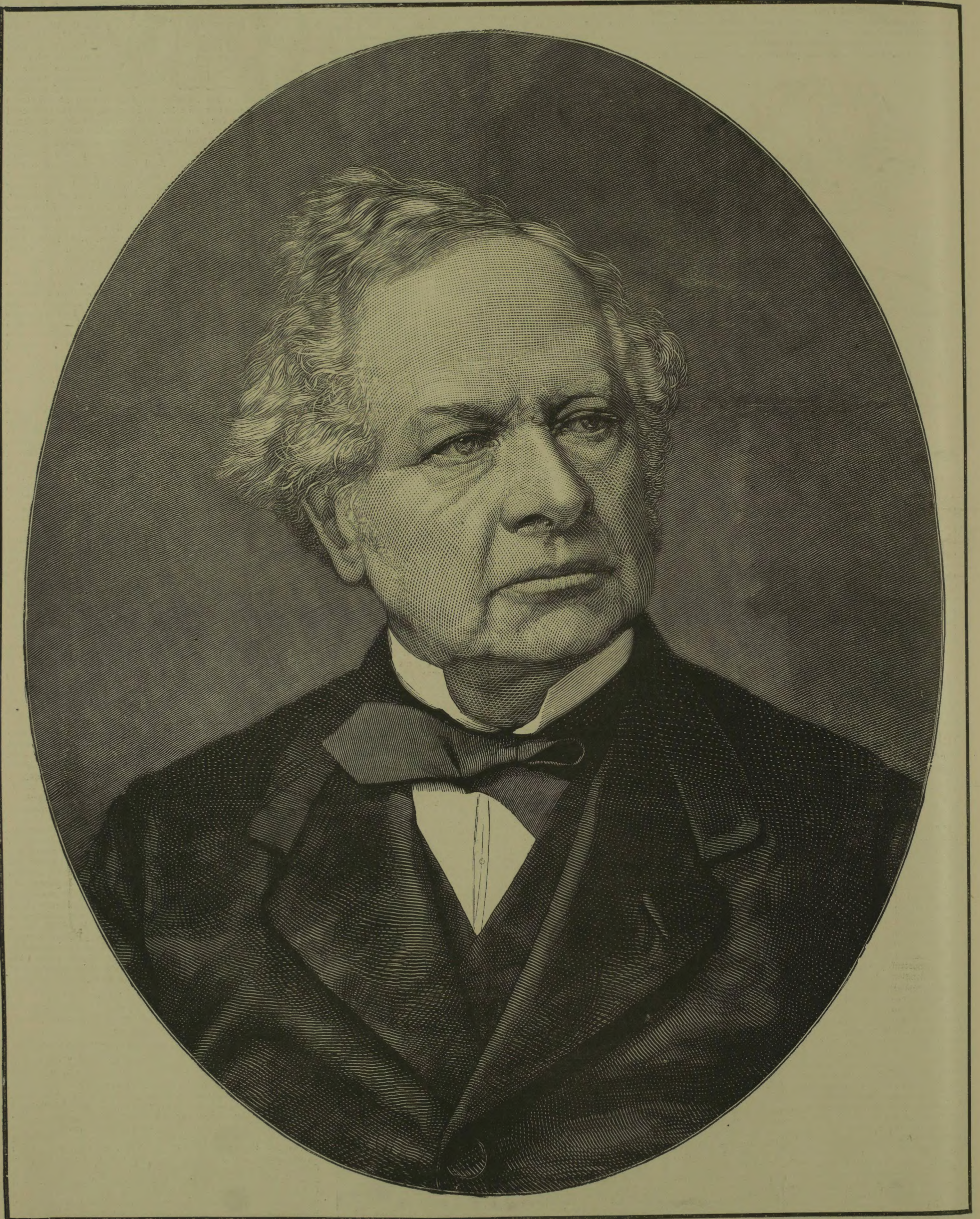
THE DOWAGER MARCHIONESS OF DONEGALL.

The Most Hon. Amelia Spread, Dowager Marchioness of Donegall, died at 100, Park Street, in her eighty-ninth year.

## BURNING OF CORK COURT-HOUSE.

The Court-house of the county of Cork, situated in the city of Cork, between Nile Street, Grattan Street, to the west, and Crosse Street, Liberty Street, to the east, was suddenly destroyed by fire on March 25; the fire broke out late in the afternoon, during the sitting of the County Court, Judge Monroe presiding, to try the case of the riot near the Tipperary Court-house in September last. The court and its precincts were then densely crowded, and the Judge's final charge or summing up to the jury was listened to with deep attention, when flames were seen through the glass roof issuing from the dome. Some woodwork had caught fire from overheating a flue in the western wing of the building, which contained the grand jury room and offices. All the people got away safely; but, within three hours, the entire range of buildings, which also comprised the City Court-house, was consumed, with a large quantity of valuable records, legal documents, and archives of the Corporation, and with a library of law-books. The building had been in existence about sixty years, having been erected in the reign of William IV. Its front, in Court-house Street, formed one of the attractive features of the city, the arcade or portico in the old Gothic style being considered one of the finest in the kingdom. The city portion of the Court-house was insured for £20,000, and the county portion for £30,000, divided between five or six insurance offices.





THE LATE EARL GRANVILLE, K.G.  
BORN MAY 11, 1815; DIED MARCH 31, 1891.





DRAWN BY W. H. OVEREND.

*He seized the brim of his hat, and said, "I suppose you are the two distressed parties the sailor called out about?"*

## MY DANISH SWEETHEART: THE ROMANCE OF A MONTH.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "THE GOLDEN HOPE," "THE DEATH SHIP," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR," ETC.

### CHAPTER XIV.

#### THE END OF THE "EARLY MORN."

The first business of the men was to get the broken mast out of the water. Helga helped, and worked with as much dexterity as though she had been bred to the calling of the Deal waterman. The mast in breaking had been shortened by ten feet, and was therefore hardly as useful a spar to step as the bowsprit. It was laid along the thwarts in the side, and we went to work to strengthen the mast that had been sprung in the Channel by laying pieces of wood over the fractured part, and securely binding them by turn upon turn of rope. This, at sea, they call "fishing a spar." Jacob shook his head as he looked at the mast when we had made an end of the repairs, but said nothing. When the mast was stepped, we hoisted the sail with a reef in it to ease the strain. Abraham went to the tiller, the boat's head was put to a south-west course, and once again the little fabric was pushing through it, rolling in a long-drawn way upon a sudden swell that had risen while we worked, with a frequent little vicious shake of white waters off her bow, as though the combing of the small seas irritated her.

The wind was about east, of a November coldness, and it blew somewhat lightly till a little before ten o'clock in the morning, when it came along freshening in a gust which heeled the boat sharply, and brought a wild, anxious look into Abraham's eyes as he gazed at the mast. The horizon slightly thickened to some film of mist which overlay the windward junction of heaven and water, and the sky then took a windy face, with dim breaks of blue betwixt long streaks of hard vapour, under which there nimbly sailed, here and there, a wreath of light-yellow scud. The sea rapidly became sloppy—an uncomfortable tumble of billows occasioned by the lateral run of the swell—and the boat's gait grew so staggering, such a sense of internal dislocation was induced by her brisk, jerky wobbling—now to windward now to leeward, now by the stern now by the head, then all the motions happening together, as it were, followed by a sickly, leaning slide down some slope of rounded water—that for the first time in my life I felt positively sea-sick, and was not a little thankful for the relief I obtained from a nip of poor Captain Nielsen's brandy out of one of the few jars which had been taken from the raft, and which still remained full.

Somewhat before noon it was blowing a fresh breeze, with a somewhat steadier sea; but the rolling and plunging of the lugger continued sharp and exceedingly uncomfortable. To still further help the mast—Abraham having gone into the fore-peak to get a little sleep—Helga and I, at the request of Jacob, who was steering, tied a second reef in the sail; though, had the spar been sound, the lugger would have easily borne the whole of her canvas.

"If that mast goes, what is to be done?" said I to Jacob. "Whoy," he answered, "we shall have to make shift with the remains of the mast that went overboard last night."

"But what sail will you be able to hoist on that shortened height?"

"Enough to keep us slowly blowing along," he answered, "till we falls in with a vessel as will help us to the sort o' spar as 'll sarve."

"Considering the barrenness of the sea we have been sailing through," said I, "the look-out seems a poor one, if we're to depend upon passing assistance."

"Mr. Tregarthen," said he, fixing his eyes upon my face, "I'm an older man nor you, and therefore I takes the liberty of telling ye this: that neither ashore nor at sea do things fall out in the fashion as is anticipated. That's what the Hi-talian organ-grinder discovered. He conceived that if he could get hold of a big monkey he'd do a good trade; so he buys the biggest he could meet with—a chap pretty nigh as big as himself. What happened? When them parties was met with a week arterwards, it was the monkey that was a-turning the handle, while the horgan-grinder was doing the dancing."

"The public wouldn't know the difference," said Helga.

"True for you, lady," answered Jacob, with an approving nod and a smile of admiration. "But Mr. Tregarthen here'll find out that I'm speaking the Lard's truth when I says that human anticipation always works out contrariwise."

"I heartily hope it may do so in our case!" I exclaimed, vexed by the irrationality, as it seemed to me, of this homely boatman's philosophic views.

"About toime for Abraham to take soights, ain't it?" said he.

I went to the hatch and called to Abraham, who in a few minutes arrived, and, with sleepy eyes, fell to groping after the sun with his old quadrant. While he was thus occupied, Helga touched me lightly on the shoulder and pointed astern. I peered an instant, and then said—

"I see it! A sail!—at the wrong end of the sea again, of course! Another Thermopylae, maybe, to thunder past us with no further recognition of our wants than a wagging head over the rail, with a finger at its nose."

"It's height bells!" cried Abraham; and he sat down to his rough calculations.

Jacob looked soberly over his shoulder at the distant tiny space of white canvas.

"If there's business to be done with her," said he, "we must steer to keep her head right at our stern. What course'll she be taking?"

"She appears to be coming directly at us," answered Helga.

"Why not lower your sail, heave the lugger to, and fly a distress signal?" said I.

I had scarcely uttered the words when the boat violently jumped a sea; a crash followed, and the next instant the sail, with half of the fished mast, was overboard, with the lugger rapidly swinging, head to sea, to the drag of the wreckage.

I was not a little startled by the sudden cracking of the mast, that was like the report of a gun; and the splash of the sail overboard, and the rapid slowing of the boat.

Helga quietly said in my ear, "Nothing better could have happened, Hugh. We are now indeed a wreck for that ship astern to sight; and she is sure to speak us."

Abraham flung down his logbook with a sudden roaring out of I know not what 'longshore' profanities, and Jacob, letting go the helm, went scrambling forwards over the thwarts, heaping sea-blessings, as he sprawled, upon the eyes and limbs of the boat-builder who had supplied the lugger with spars. The three of us went to work, and Helga helped us as best she could, to get the sail in; but the sea that was now running was large compared to what it had been during the night, and the task was extraordinarily laborious and distressful. Indeed, how long it took us to drag that great lug-sail full of water over the rail was to be told by the ship astern, for when I had leisure to look for her I found her risen to her hull, and coming along, as it seemed to me, dead, for us, heeling sharply away from the fresh wind, but rolling heavily too on the swell, and pitching with the regularity of a swing in motion.

Helga and I threw ourselves upon a thwart, to take breath. The boatmen stood looking at the approaching vessel.

"She'll not miss seeing us, anyway," said Abraham.

"I'm for letting the lugger loie as she is," exclaimed Jacob: "they'll see the mess we're in, and back their taws'l."

"You will signal to her, I hope?" said I.

"Ay," answered Abraham; "we'll gi' 'em a flourish of the Jack presently, though there'll be little need, for if our condition ain't going to stop 'em there's 'nothen' in a colour to do it."

"Abraham," said I, "you and Jacob will not, I am sure, think us ungrateful if I say that I have made up my mind—and I am sure Miss Nielsen will agree—that I have made up my mind, Abraham, to leave your lugger for that ship, outward-bound as I can see she is, if she will receive us."

"Well, Sir," answered Abraham, mildly, "you and the lady are your own masters, and, of course, you'll do as you please."

"It is no longer right," I continued, "that we should go on in this fashion, eating you out of your little floating house and home; nor is it reasonable that we should keep you deprived of the comfort of your fore-peak. We owe you our lives, and, God knows, we are grateful! But our gratitude must not take the form of compelling you to go on maintaining us."

Abraham took a slow look at the ship.

"Well, Sir," said he, "down to this hour the odds have



been so heavy agin your exchanging this craft for a homeward-bounder that I really haven't the heart to recommend ye to wait a little longer. It's but an uncomfortable life for the likes of you and the lady—she having to loie in a little bit of a coal-black room, forrads, as may be all very good for us men, but werry bad and hard for her; and you having to tarn in under that there opening, into which there's no vartue in sail-cloth to keep the draughts from blowing. I don't doubt ye'll be happier aboard a craft where you'll have room to stretch your legs in, a proper table to sit down to for your meals, and a cabin where you'll loie snug. 'Sides, tain't, after all, as if she wasn't agoing to give ye the same chances of getting home as the Airly Marn dew. Only hope she'll receive ye."

"Bound to it," rumbled Jacob, "if so be as her cap'n's a man."

I turned to Helga.

"Do I decide wisely?"

"Yes, Hugh," she answered. "I hate to think of you lying in that cold space there throughout the nights. The two poor fellows," she added softly, "are generous, kind, large-hearted men, and I shrink from the thought of the mad adventure they have engaged in. But," said she, with a little smile and a faint touch of colour in her cheeks, as though she spoke reluctantly, "the Early Morn is very uncomfortable, Hugh."

"All we have now to pray for is that the captain of that vessel will take us on board," said I, fixing my eyes on the ship, that was yet too distant for the naked sight to make anything of. "I suppose, Abraham," I spoke out, turning to the man, "that you will request them to give you a boom for a spare mast?"

"Vy, ask yourself the question, Sir," he answered.

"But suppose they have no spare booms, and are unable to accommodate you?"

"Then," said he, "we must up with that there stick," pointing with his square thumb to the mast that had carried away on the previous night, "and blow along till we meets with something that will accommodate us."

"But, honestly, men—are you in earnest in your resolution to pursue this voyage to Australia? You two—the crew now half the working strength you started with—a big boat of eighteen tons to handle, and"—I was on the point of referring to the slenderness of his skill as a navigator, but, happily, snapped my lips in time to silence the words.

Abraham eyed me a moment, then gave me a huge, emphatic nod, and, without remark, turned his back upon me in 'longshore fashion, and leisurely looked around the ocean line.

"Men," said I, "that ship may take us aboard, and in the bustle I may miss the chance of saying what is in my mind. My name is Hugh Tregarthen, as you know, and I live at Tintrenale, which you have likewise heard me say. I came away from home in a hurry to get alongside the ship that this brave girl's father commanded; and as I was then so am I now, without a single article of value upon me worthy of your acceptance; for, as to my watch, it was my father's, and I must keep it. But if it should please God, men, to bring us all safely to England again, then, no matter when you two may return, whether in twelve months hence or twelve years hence, you will find set apart for you, at the little bank in Tintrenale, a sum of fifty pounds—which you will take as signifying twenty-five pounds from Miss Helga Nielsen, and twenty-five pounds from me."

"We thank you kindly, Sir," said Jacob.

"Let us get home, first," said Abraham: "yet, I thank ye kindly tew, Mr. Tregarthen," he added, rounding upon me again and extending his rough hand.

I grasped and held it with eyes suffused by the emotion of gratitude which possessed me: then Jacob shook hands with me, and then the poor fellows shook hands with Helga, whose breath I could hear battling with a sob in her throat as she thanked them for her life and for their goodness to her.

But every minute was bringing the ship closer, and now I could think of nothing else. Would she back her topsail and come to a stand? Would she at any moment shift her helm and give us a wide berth? Would she, if she came to a halt, receive Helga and me? These were considerations to excite a passion of anxiety in me. Helga's eyes, with a clear blue gleam in them, were fixed upon the oncoming vessel; but the agitation, the hurry of emotions in her little heart, showed in the trembling of her nostrils and the contraction of her white brow, where a few threads of her pale-gold hair were blowing.

Jacob pulled the Jack out of the locker, and attached it to the long staff or pole, and fell to waving it as before when the Hamburger hove into view. The ship came along slowly, but without deviating by a hair's breadth from her course, that was on a straight line with the lugger. She was still dim in the blue, windy air, but determinable to a certain extent, and now with the naked vision I could distinguish her as a barque or ship of about the size of the Anine, her hull black and a row of painted ports running along either side. She sat somewhat high upon the water, as though she were half empty or her cargo very light goods; but she was neat aloft—different, indeed, from the Hamburger. Her royals were stowed in streaks of snow upon their yards, but the rest of her canvas was spread, and it showed in soft, fair bosoms of white, and the cloths carried, indeed, an almost yacht-like brilliancy as they steadily swung against the steely grey of the atmosphere of the horizon. The ship pitched somewhat heavily as she came, and the foam rose in milky clouds to the hawse-pipes with the regular alternation of the lifting out of the round, wet, black bows, and a flash of sunshine off the streaming timbers. From time to time Jacob flourished his flagstaff, all of us, meanwhile, waiting and watching in silence. Presently, Abraham put his little telescope to his eye, and, after a pause, said—

"She means to heave-to."

"How can you tell?" I cried.

"I can see some figures a-standing by the weather main-braces," said he; "and every now and again there's a chap, aft, bending his body over the rail to have a look at us."

His 'longshore observation proved correct. Indeed, your Deal boatman can interpret the intentions of a ship as you are able to read the passions in the human face. When she was within a few of her own lengths of us, the mainsail having previously been hauled up, the yards on the mainmast were swung, and the vessel's way arrested. Her impulse, which appeared to have been very nicely calculated, brought her surging, foaming, and rolling to almost abreast of us, within reach of the fling of a line before she came to a dead stand. I instantly took notice of a crowd of chocolate-visaged men standing on the fore-castle, staring at us, with a white man on the cathead, and a man aft on the poop, with a white wide-awake and long yellow whiskers.

"Barque ahoy!" bawled Abraham, for the vessel proved to be of that rig, though it was not to have been told by us as she approached head on.

"Hallo!" shouted the man in the white wide-awake.

"For God's sake, Sir," shouted Abraham, "h-ave us a line, that we may haul alongside! We're in great distress, and there's a couple of parties here as wants to get aboard ye."

"Heave them a line!" shouted the fellow aft, sending his voice to the fore-castle.

"Look out for it!" bawled the white man on the heel of the cathead within the rail.

A line lay ready as though our want had been foreseen; with sailorly celerity the white man gathered it into fakes, and in a few moments the coils were flying through the air. Jacob caught the rope with the unerring clutch of a boatman, and the three of us, stretching our backs at it, swung the lugger to the vessel's quarter.

"What is it you want?" cried the long-whiskered man, looking down at us over the rail.

"We'll come aboard and tell you, Sir," answered Abraham. "Jacob, you mind the lugger! Now, Mr. Tregarthen, watch your chance and jump into their channels [meaning the mizzen chains], and I'll stand by to help the lady up to your hands. Ye'll want narve, Miss! Can ye do it?"

Helga smiled as she answered, "I will go first if you like."

I jumped on to a thwart, planting one foot on the gunwale in readiness. The rolling of the two craft, complicated, so to speak, by the swift jumps of the lugger as compared with the slow stoops of the barque, made the task of boarding ticklish even to me, who had had some experience of gaining the decks of ships in heavy weather. I waited. Up swung the boat, and over came the leaning side of the barque; then I sprang, and successfully, and, instantly turning, waited to catch hold of Helga.

Abraham took her under the arms as though to lift her towards me when the opportunity came.

"I can manage alone—I shall be safer alone!" she exclaimed, giving him a smile and then setting her lips.

She did as I had done—stood on a thwart, securely planting one foot on the gunwale; and even in such a moment as that I could find mind enough to admire the beauty of her figure and the charming grace of her posture as her form floated perpendicularly upon the staggering motions of the lugger.

"Now, Hugh!" she cried, as her outstretched hands were borne up to the level of mine. I caught her. She sprang, and was at my side in a breath.

"Nobly done, Helga," said I: "now over the rail with us."

She stopped to call Abraham with a voice in which I could trace no hurry of breathing: "Will you please hand me up my little parcel?"

This was done, and a minute later we had gained the poop of the barque.

The man with the long whiskers advanced to the break of the short poop or upper deck as Helga and I ascended the ladder that led to it. He seized the brim of his hat, and, without lifting it, bowed his head as though to the tug he gave, and said with a slightly nasal accent by no means Yankee, but of the kind that is common to the denomination of "tub-thumpers"—

"I suppose you are the two distressed parties the sailor in the lugger called out about?"

"We are, Sir," said I. "May I take it that you are the captain of this barque?"

"You may," he responded, with his eyes fixed on Helga. "Captain Joppa Bunting, master of the barque Light of the World, from the river Thames for Table Bay, with a small cargo and for orders. That gives you everything, Sir," said he.

He pulled at his long whiskers with a complacent smile, now contemplating me and now Helga.

"Captain Bunting," said I, "this lady and myself are shipwrecked people, very eager indeed to get home. We have met with some hard adventures, and this lady, the daughter of the master of the barque Anine, has not only undergone the miseries of shipwreck, the hardships of a raft, and some days of wretchedness aboard that open boat alongside: she has been afflicted, besides, by the death of her father."

"Very sorry, indeed, to hear it, Miss," said the captain; "but let this be your consolation, that every man's earthly father is bound to die at some time or other, but man's Heavenly Father remains with him for ever."

Helga bowed her head. Language of this kind in the mouth of a plain sea-captain comforted me greatly as a warrant of goodwill and help.

"I'm sure," said I, "I may count upon your kindness to receive this lady and me and put us aboard the first homeward-bound ship that we may encounter."

"Why, of course, it is my duty as a Christian man," he answered, "to be of service to all sorrowing persons that I may happen to fall in with. A Deal lugger—as I may presume your little ship to be—is no fit abode for a young lady of sweet-and-twenty."

He was about to add something, but at that moment Abraham came up the ladder, followed by the white man whom I had noticed standing on the fore-castle.

"What can I do for you, my man?" said the captain, turning to Abraham.

"Whoy, Sir, it's loike this"—began Abraham.

"He wants us to give him a spare boom to serve as a mast, Sir," clipped in the other, who, as I presently got to know, was the first mate of the vessel—a sandy-haired, pale-faced man, with the lightest-blue eyes I had ever seen, a little pimple of a nose, which the sun had caught, and which glowed red, in violent contrast with his veal-coloured cheeks. He was dressed in a plain suit of pilot-cloth, with a shovel-peaked cap; but the old pair of carpet slippers he wore gave him a down-at-heels look.

"A spare boom!" cried the captain. "That's a big order, my lad. Why, the sight of your boat made me think I hadn't got rid of the Downs yet! There's no hovelling to be done down here, is there?"

"They're carrying out the boat to Australia, Sir!" said the mate.

The captain looked hard at Abraham.

"For a consideration, I suppose?" said he.

"Ay, Sir, for a consideration, as you say," responded Abraham, grinning broadly, and clearly very much gratified by the captain's reception of him.

"Then," said the captain, pulling down his whiskers and smiling with an expression of self-complacency not to be conveyed in words, "I do not for a moment doubt that you are carrying that lugger to Australia, for my opinion of the Deal boatmen is this: that for a consideration they would carry their immortal souls to the gates of the devil's palace, and then return to their public-houses, get drunk on the money they had received, and roll about bragging how they had bested Old Nick himself! Spare boom for a mast, eh?" he continued, peering into Abraham's face. "What's your name, my man?"

"Abraham Vise," answered the boatman, apparently too much astonished as yet to be angry.

"Well, see here, friend Abraham," said the captain, turning up his eyes and blandly pointing aloft, "my ship isn't a forest, and spare booms don't grow aboard us. And yet," said he, once again peering closely into Abraham's face, "you're evidently a fellow-Christian in distress, and it's my duty to help you! I suppose you are a Christian?"

"Born one!" answered Abraham.

"Then, Mr. Jones," exclaimed the captain, "go round the ship with friend Abraham Vise, and see what's to be come at in the shape of a spare boom. Off with you now! Time's time on the ocean, and I can't keep my tops'! aback all day."

The two men went off the poop. The captain asked me my name, then inquired Helga's, and said, "Mr. Tregarthen, and you, Miss Nielsen, I will ask you to step below. I have a drop of wine in my cabin, and a glass of it can hurt neither of you. Come along, if you please," and so saying he led the way to a little companion-hatch, down which he bundled, with Helga and myself in his wake; and I recollect, as I turned to put my foot upon the first of the steps, that I took notice (with a sort of wonder in me that passed through my mind with the velocity of thought) of the lemon-coloured face of a man standing at the wheel, with such a scowl upon his brow, that looked to be withered by the sun to the aspect of the rind of a rotten orange, and with such a fierce, glaring expression in his dusky eyes, the pupils of which lay like a drop of ink slowly filtering out upon a slip of coloured blotting-paper, that but for the hurry I was in to follow the captain I must have lingered to glance again and yet again at the strange, fierce, forbidding creature.

We entered a plain little state-cabin, or living-room, filled with the furniture that is commonly to be seen in craft of this sort—a table, lockers, two or three chairs, a swinging tray, a lamp, and the like. The captain asked us to sit, and disappeared in a berth forward of the state-cabin; but he returned too speedily to suffer Helga and me to exchange words. He put a bottle of Marsala upon the table, took the wine-glasses from a rack affixed to a beam, and produced from a side-locker a plate of mixed biscuits. He filled the glasses, and, with his singular smile and equally curious bow, drank our healths, adding that he hoped to have the pleasure of speedily transhipping us.

He had removed his wideawake hat, and there was nothing, for the moment, to distract me from a swift but comprehensive survey of him. He had a long hooked nose, small, restless eyes, and hair so plentiful that it curled upon his back. His cheeks were perfectly colourless, and of an unwholesome dinginess, and hung very fat behind his long whiskers, and I found him remarkable for the appearance of his mouth, the upper lip of which was as thick as the lower. He might have passed very well for a London tradesman—a man who had become almost bloodless through long years of serving behind a counter in a dark shop. He had nothing whatever of the sailor in his aspect—I do not mean the theatrical sailor, our old friend of the purple nose and grog-blossomed skin, but of that ordinary every-day mariner whom one may meet with in thousands in the docks of Great Britain. But that, however, which I seemed to find most remarkable in him was his smile. It was the haunting of his countenance by the very spectre of mirth. There was no life, no sincerity in it. Nevertheless, it caused a perpetual play of features more or less defined, informed by an expression which made one instantly perceive that Captain Joppa Bunting had the highest possible opinion of himself.

He asked me for my story, and I gave it him, i.e. mean-while, listening to me with his singular smile, and his eyes almost embarrassingly rooted upon my face.

"Ah!" cried he, fetching a deep sigh, "a noble cause is the life-boat service. Heaven bless its sublime efforts! and it is gratifying to know that her Majesty the Queen is a patron of the institution. Mr. Tregarthen, your conscience should be very acceptable to you, Sir, when you come to consider that but for you this charming young lady must have perished"—he motioned towards Helga with an ungainly inclination of his body.

"I think, Captain," said I, "you must put it the other way about—I mean, that but for Miss Nielsen I must have perished."

"Nielsen—Nielsen," said he, repeating the words. "That is not an English name, is it?"

"Captain Nielsen was a Dane," said I.

"But you are not a Dane, Madam?" he exclaimed.

"My mother was English," she answered, "but I am a Dane, nevertheless."

"What is the religion of the Danes?" he asked.

"We are a Protestant people," she answered, while I stared at the man, wondering whether he was perfectly sound in his head, for nothing could seem more malapropos at such a time as this than his questions about, and his references to, religion.

"What is your denomination, Madam?" he asked, smiling, with a drag at one long whisker.

"I thought I had made you understand that I was a Protestant," she answered, with an instant's petulance.

"There are many sorts of Protestants!" he exclaimed.

"Have not you a black crew?" said I, anxious to change the subject, sending a glance in search of Abraham through the window of the little door that led on to the quarterdeck, and that was framed on either hand by a berth or sleeping-room, from one of which the captain had brought the wine.

"Yes, my crew are black," said he; "black here"—he touched his face—"and, I fear, black here"—he put his hand upon his heart. "But I have some hope of beating out one superstition from them before we let go our anchor in Table Bay!"

As he said these words a sudden violent shock was to be felt in the cabin, as though, indeed, the ship, as she dropped her stern into the trough, had struck the ground. All this time the vessel had been rolling and plunging somewhat heavily as she lay with her topsail to the mast in the very swing of the sea; but, after the uneasy feverish friskings of the lugger, the motion was so long-drawn, so easy, so comfortable, in a word, that I had sat and talked scarcely sensible of it. But the sudden shock could not have been more startling, more seemingly violent, had a big ship driven into us. A loud cry followed. Captain Bunting sprang to his feet; at the same moment there was a hurried tramp and rush of footsteps overhead, and more cries. Captain Bunting ran to the companion-steps, up which he hopped with incredible alacrity.

"I fear the lugger has been driven against the vessel's side!" said Helga.

"Oh, Heaven, yes!" I cried. "But I trust, for the poor fellows' sake, she is not injured. Let us go on deck!"

We ran up the steps, and the very first object I saw as I passed through the hatch was Jacob's face, purple with the toil of climbing, rising over the rail on the quarter. Abraham and two or three coloured men grasped the poor fellow, and over he floundered on to the deck streaming wet.

Helga and I ran to the side to see what had happened. There was no need to look long. Directly under the ship's quarter lay the lugger with the water sluicing into her. The whole of one side of her was crushed as though an army of workmen had been hammering at her with choppers. We had scarcely time to glance before she was gone! a sea foamed over and filled her out of hand, and down she went like a stone, with a snap of the line that held her as though it had been thread, to the lift of the barque from the drowning fabric.

"Gone!" cried I. "Heaven preserve us! What will our poor friends do?"

Captain Bunting was roaring out in true sea-fashion. He might continue to smile, indeed; but his voice had lost its nasal twang.

"How did this happen?" he bawled. "Why on earth wasn't the lugger kept fended off? Mr. Jones, jump into that quarter-boat and see if we've received any injury."



The mate hopped into the boat, and craned over. "It seems all right with us, Sir!" he cried.

"Well, then, how did this happen?" exclaimed the captain, addressing Jacob, who stood, the very picture of distress and dejection, with the water running away upon the deck from his feet, and draining from his finger-ends as his arms hung up and down as though he stood in a shower-bath.

"I'd gone forward," answered the poor fellow, "to slacken away the line that the lugger might drop clear, and then it happened, and that's all I know," and here he slowly turned his half-drowned bewildered face upon Abraham, who was staring over the rail down upon the sea where the lugger had sunk, as though rendered motionless by a stroke of paralysis.

"Well, and what'll you do now?" cried Captain Bunting. "Do? Why, chuck myself overboard!" shouted Jacob, apparently quickened into his old vitality by the anguish of sudden realisation.

"Shocking!" cried Captain Bunting. "I shall have to talk apart with you, my man."

Here Abraham slowly looked round, and then turned and lay against the rail, eyeing us lifelessly.

(To be continued.)

## CENSUS-TAKING AT HOME AND ABROAD.

An army of Census enumerators is about to be let loose upon us, and they threaten to fire their schedules at every house and human unit in the three kingdoms. The ordeal with us comes only once every ten years, and is one of the simplest censuses taken. Enumerators ask a few questions about one's age, profession, social state—whether married or single—and one or two other personal details, and pass on. Some people think that we should follow the example of other countries, and extend the investigation, not in the way of more minute personal details, but for the collection of industrial statistics and other data—of which there is a dearth—concerning the resources of the country and the social and economic condition of the people. In this way, it is argued, the Census would be more than a mere tabulation of the population: it would be a mine of useful information for the legislator.

The French Census, which takes place on April 12, is of greater scope than ours, and is carried out on a different system. The work is undertaken by the Departments. All that the Government does is to print model schedules and send one to each Préfet. The personal catechism is more severe than in England, but much of the information is filled in by the enumerators. It is not enough to state whether one is married or single: it is asked whether the marriage was civil or religious, what is the duration of married life, how many children came of the union, and in how many years. These queries are intended to throw some light on the vagaries of the population movement in France, and to indicate the comparative fruitfulness of different classes. Minute inquiries are made concerning the foreigners resident in France. Frenchmen, after every census, become alarmed at the huge army of foreigners in their midst. Last census showed that there were two million aliens in France, and the foreign "infiltration" has gone steadily on since. The census agents are asked to make a novel inquiry this year. It is to find out where the water-supply of houses comes from—whether from a well, the town pump, or from water companies' or the city mains. The punishment for refusing to supply all the details is very light, and the Frenchman may make a false declaration on payment of a fine varying from one franc to five francs. The census in France is taken quinquennially.

The American Census, which was taken last year, is much more complete than the French. It is not merely a numbering of the people; it is a complete inventory of Uncle Sam's estate. It shows the present position of education, agriculture, and manufactures, the wealth and debt of States and cities, and gives an enormous mass of information on the social and economic condition of the people. Each branch of investigation is carried on under the direction of a specialist, who analyses the figures and produces interesting monographs on his subject. The colossal character of the American Census may be imagined when it is stated that, besides innumerable preliminary bulletins, it requires twenty-four bulky quarto volumes to contain the result.

In Austro-Hungary, where the census has just been taken, the enumerators are much more inquisitorial than in the United States. Among the things which an Austrian has to supply is a full account of himself and his family, their ages, religions, languages, occupations, property, indebtedness, income, expenditure; state the number of domestic animals kept, including dogs, cats, and birds, kind of clothing worn, and the size of rooms occupied, particularly the height of the ceilings. The German Census also contains many minute inquiries.

The American Census-takers are ahead of others in the matter of speed. The total number of the population was known within a few days after the returns were sent in. Fifty thousand enumerators were employed, and they sent two post-cards every evening containing the results of the day's work—one to the Census Superintendent in Washington, and another to the district supervisor. The same system was adopted for the collection of statistics of manufactures, &c. The system of registering and checking each package of returns sent through the Post Office was so complete and perfect that only one package was lost. Recognising the fact that every month and week that can be saved in the publication of census statistics adds appreciably to their value, no labour has been spared by the American Census Office to issue the returns promptly. Electric machines are used for tabulating the statistics. This system of tabulation by machinery is effected by small cards, in which holes are punched in place of figures. It was found, though the inventor, Mr. Hollerith, of Washington, only claims for his system that 10,000 cards can be counted and sorted by a clerk in one day, that a clerk can count over 15,000 cards a day. The American Census Office also issues preliminary bulletins as the returns are analysed and the special reports written, while awaiting the compilation of the large quarto volumes.

No two countries at present pursue the same system of census-taking, but there is a growing movement in favour of an international census. Comparative statistics would be made much more valuable if uniform systems were adopted. The scope of our Census cannot be extended this year, but efforts should be made to tabulate the results as soon as possible.

## CATALOGUES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

Looking into shop windows and choosing what one would buy, if one could, is among the pleasures of poverty. Nor is the banquet so much after the manner of the Barmecide as it appears. There is, to many minds, very little real pleasure in possession. We are like children with their toys. Most of us have thought, in our youth, that if we only had a watch or a pony, happiness would be assured. The pony or the watch came. We broke the knees of the former, or he broke our limbs. As to the watch, it soon went into one of those handicaps in which a set of boys make up a sweepstake, drown their chronometers, and give the prize to him whose "ticker" ticks longest under water. So, in our mature childhood, wanting things is often as good as possessing them, for, after a day's adoration of a book, a print, a cup, a gem, we tire of it, and would like to give it away. Persons of this fickle mood do well to stay outside the shops and content themselves with peeping through the windows. They are also the men who get much enjoyment out of booksellers' catalogues.

Half a dozen catalogues, big or little, lie before me, all full of things which I want ravenously, greedily, but which, for divers reasons, I mean to do without.

Book-buyers all, I bid ye declare,  
Ye that dear for your bargains pay,  
Does not the Rarest of the Rare  
Common grow and wearisome e'er  
Ever a month has passed away?

Perhaps the little catalogues are the quaintest and most amusing. The bookseller's Latin, in his titles, the bookseller's learning, the bookseller's artless confessions of his own private tastes, are all a cheap entertainment. Then, there is so much casual information in a catalogue. Here is Messrs. Pickering and Chatto's, wherein, of course, the queer scholarship of some booksellers is absent. They throw light on Skippon. In "Rokeby" comes the song—

Will ye match your base Skippon, and Massey, and Brown  
With the nobles of England, who fight for the Crown?

I never knew before that base Skippon wrote "A Salve for Every Sore: the Christian Centurion's Infallible Ground of Confidence, or his Poor Soul's most assured Comfortable Companion" (1643). This was "The Pious Soldier's Pocket-Book" of the period. Again, in Wilde's "Benefice" (1689) comes a hard nut for Mr. Donnelly and other authors who think that the author of Shakespeare's plays was a great scholar, and,



THE NEW CHAPEL AND QUEEN'S SCHOOLS AT ETON.

therefore, was not Shakespeare. Mr. Wilde was of no such mind, and exclaims to the bard of Avon—

And if thy learning had been like thy wit,  
Ben would have blisht, and Jonson never writ.

But, as everybody, except those about Mr. Donnelly, knows, Shakespeare's learning was not like his wit. Then we have Lady Hamilton's "Marriage Rites," in which "she has not shirked any questionable portions, but even at times laid herself out to them." This is described as "a nice book," though some critics may prefer the old quotation from a catalogue in which a work was recommended as "very curious and disgusting." Another odd book is "The Loving Ballad of Lord Bateman," illustrated by George Cruikshank (1839), and priced at thirteen guineas. The ballad has been attributed both to Dickens and to Thackeray, so the collectors of first editions of these authors must consider their libraries "incomplete without it." Mr. Sala is quoted for the remark that the lines about "the young bride's mother, who never before was heard to speak so free," are clearly Thackeray's. I feel no confidence. At most, Thackeray may have been the "Diakentast," as the learned say, and say erroneously, who shaped some popular lines. And Mr. Sala recognises the "Proud young Porter" as "the embryo type of James de la Pluche." But surely the verse—

Now Christ thee save, thou proud Porter,  
Now Christ thee save and see

is a good deal older than Cruikshank? These critical questions are very intricate.

A little French catalogue contains a tribute to Miss Kate Greenaway: "Cet artiste s'entend admirablement pour peindre les enfants dans leurs jeux innocents." Another French catalogue describes an English book as "extrêmement Anglais," which may be flattering, or may not. In a catalogue two illustrated books are advertised, and parts of the description are carefully stamped out, in heavy printer's ink, after the manner of the Russian censorship. These works, one may infer, are disgusting as well as curious. Yet another catalogue offers Molière's plays of 1660, the first collected edition, for £30. This seems extremely cheap, as the book is rare, and contains portraits of Molière and his wife in stage costume. If £30 were but as common as blackberries once were, here is a chance to invest them.

A huge catalogue of nearly two thousand works is that of M. Destailleur. The library is to be sold in Paris, on April 13. M. Destailleur has some really nice books—for example, an historical work, "Livre de la Conquête de la Toison d'Or, par le Prince Jason de Thessalie" (1563). This folio belonged to Henri de Guise, has a wonderful sixteenth-century binding in mosaic, and was bought for £405 at the Beckford sale.

Old catalogues of the libraries of the last century are here, lists of books that the Revolution scattered; for example, the

catalogue of Marie Antoinette's collection, when Dauphiness. Eisen illustrated it with a picture of Marie Antoinette sporting among the nymphs. The book belonged to the valet de chambre of Louis XVI. Here also the early editions of Rabelais and Marot and Molière, especially a collection of Moreau's engravings for an illustrated Molière (1773), all "before any letters." A less complete copy has been sold for £160. Yet more rare is Molière's poem "La Gloire du Val de Grace" (1669), a panegyric of the paintings by Molière's friend Mignard. Few books are so rare as this, though the poem may be read in any edition of the comedies. A week before the sale of this great library comes the dispersal of the books and curios described in "Voyage dans mon Grenier," by M. Cousin. M. Durel publishes a catalogue on Japanese paper, with a portrait of the famous amateur, and with chromolithographic reproductions of old bindings and old pottery. It is a fantastic collection, and sad it is to think that those treasures must be scattered. What do collectors do after their sales? Of what use is mere money to them? Probably they begin new collections, perhaps in some fresh field. Perhaps they only sell to test their judgment. The market for these things is very fluctuating. M. Cousin had two copies of "L'Abbé Constantin" on Japanese paper and one on ordinary paper. What did he want with three? Why did he not give two away? The heart of the collector is a mystery. Some day some rich person will buy up a whole first edition of a book, and burn all but one example. M. Cousin's catalogue contains the gloomy statement that he neither expects nor desires to see the close of the century. Will it find men still book-collecting?

## THE QUEEN'S SCHOOLS AT ETON.

Her Majesty the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany, with Princess Margaret of Prussia and Princess Beatrice, on Tuesday, March 17, visited Eton College, where they were received by the Provost, the Rev. Dr. Hornby, and the Head Master, the Rev. Dr. Warre. Addresses from the King's Scholars and Oppidans were read to her Majesty by Mr. C. Lubbock, Captain of the School, and by Mr. F. W. Laurence, Captain of the Oppidans.

The statue of the Queen, over the gateway to the new Queen's Schools, has been erected by a subscription of the boys and masters: it is executed from the design of Mr. Nicholls. This statue was unveiled by the Empress Frederick. Their Majesties and the Princesses viewed the new buildings and entered the Chapel, while the Lower School boys sang a hymn.

The Queen's Schools, of which we give an illustration, form three sides of a quadrangle of red brick. On the north is the chapel, erected from the designs of Sir A. Blomfield; on the east is the museum; on the south side are the drawing school and several large class-rooms and lecture-rooms. The chapel, arranged to seat 400 persons, is lined with oak, with handsome stalls at the west end, surmounted by an oaken organ case, which, however, is not yet in position.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The announcement that Dr. Balston, Archdeacon of Derby and Vicar of Bakewell, has determined to resign will awaken memories in many old Etonians. Dr. Balston, who has been eighteen years Archdeacon, was formerly Head Master of Eton. He began his work at a critical time—when the trenchant pen of "Jacob Omnium" had turned all eyes on the abuses of the school; but he conquered his difficulties. "Dr. Balston," said one of his pupils, "enjoyed the rare honour of being cordially loved, admired, and trusted by boys of every sort while he actually held office. There are plenty of masters who have become very popular when they have resigned or have died, and when books have been written to explain what their doctrines and virtues were; but Dr. Balston's face said more for him than any book can have urged, and to have once read in that noble countenance the lines of goodness, truthfulness, and manly courage was to learn a lesson never to be forgotten." Dr. Balston's work in Derbyshire has been equally appreciated.

Mr. Gladstone's visit to Eton has revived many old stories of his connection with the school, but I have seen no reference to his relations with the terrible Dr. Keate, who is reported to have paid him two very high compliments. Speaking of his pupil's connection with the Boys' Debating Society, Keate said, "I wish I could hear you without your being aware of my presence; I'm sure I should hear a speech that would give me pleasure." On another occasion, alluding to the fact that Gladstone's father had first thought of sending him to the Charterhouse, Keate said, "That would have been a pity for both of us, Gladstone—for you and me."

The notices of Dean Church's book on the Oxford movement have been, as a rule, very favourable. There is great significance for those who understand in the following extract from the *Guardian* review. The writer is referring to Dean Church's silence about his own sacrifice. "There are others who are aware that he also made sacrifices and bore what partisans call 'persecution' uncomplainingly and with dignity; that he was thrown off the rails and shunted on to a siding at an age when his speed and force were at their highest. The record of this sacrifice is simply a prosaic entry in a Clergy List, 'd 1838, R of Whatley 1853-1871.' But, reading between the lines, an expert sees here the poem of a chastened life, a patient love, a meek soul; nor is it the least memorable illustration of Mr. Gladstone's vast and varied sympathies that to him, and him alone, London and the whole Church of England owe their recovered property in the late Dean of St. Paul's."

At a recent meeting of London Wesleyan ministers, Professor W. T. Davison, of the Wesleyan College, Richmond, read a paper on Inspiration, in which he practically adopted the position of Mr. Gore and the other writers of "Lux Mundi," although, perhaps, not going quite so far. What was still more remarkable, the discussion which followed, in which Dr. Rigg and others took part, showed that almost all present were of the same mind. Whether this view will be taken by Methodists generally remains to be seen. Dr. Gregory, the Connexional editor, is a strict Conservative in theology. Mr. Davison was formerly editor of one of the Methodist newspapers.

The report of the Clergy Mutual Assurance Society gives some curious particulars about the health of clergymen. It proves that the mortality among the clergy is very much lower than that of other classes. Strange to say, the number who die from epidemic and infectious diseases is "utterly insignificant." Consumption and Bright's disease also present a remarkably low average. Nervous diseases seem to be the most fatal.



## THE INTERVIEW.

When the influenza epidemic was at its height, the Paris representative of an American newspaper took a cab and went to M. Pasteur, to interview him about the microbe. We know that he took a cab, for M. Pasteur commented on the circumstance, which seemed rather to annoy him. "You jump into a cab post haste," said the distinguished Frenchman; seeming to suggest that he would have been better pleased had his visitor arrived on foot or in an omnibus. In fact, M. Pasteur was not amiable at all, either about the cab, or about the influenza, or about the microbe.

"I tell you," he continued, "I have not the remotest knowledge as to the habits or characteristics of the bacillus. That doesn't matter a particle to you as long as you can get me to say something, be it only that I have nothing whatever to say. You go away perfectly happy, and cable that important piece of information all over the world, civilised and uncivilised. Twenty-four hours later you would not cross the street to see a whole army of influenza microbes."

The ways of the American interviewer do not always meet with approval in Great Britain, but was the wrath of M. Pasteur quite justified on this occasion? The relation in which the journalist stood to the bacillus was as plain as paint. The bacillus had suddenly become a person of great popular interest, the principal celebrity of the day. It is true that he is always with us. He floats in the air we breathe, and in the water we drink; and if he disagrees with us, or we with him, he makes it very unpleasant for us. But the influenza epidemic had invested him with quite exceptional importance, and the interviewer sought to interview him through M. Pasteur, who may almost be said to have invented the bacillus. For the mission of the interviewer is always to the celebrity of the hour. The American Pressman felt sure that he had a public duty to perform, and, as M. Pasteur, with rather superfluous indignation, observed, he jumped into a cab post haste to perform it.

Had M. Pasteur been waited on by a brother savant, he would, I dare say, have received him open-armed (at any rate, he would not have made disparaging allusions to the cab); but the "interview" which the brother savants would have produced between them—though all the other savants would doubtless have been delighted with it—would have been of no use whatever to the "man in the street," who wanted M. Pasteur to recommend him something cheap to swallow or smell as a preventive of influenza.

Then, as to M. Pasteur's imaginary "army of microbes" ranged on the other side of the street "twenty-four hours later."

It is conceivably possible that twenty-four hours might have made all the difference in the world to the importance of the microbe "from the standpoint of journalistic enterprise." Twenty-four hours are twenty-four hours to the new journalism, and, if within that period the microbe had so declined in journalistic value as to have become stale news, the journalist, as a journalist, would have been entirely justified in declining to cross the street to look at one or one million of the species. I am of opinion, nevertheless, that when M. Pasteur has got his army of microbes ready, all the cabs in Paris will not accommodate the Pressmen who will be ready to cross the street, or the Steppes of Tartary, for the purpose of interviewing him on that phenomenon.

The properly conducted interview needs no apology at this day. It is abused by people whom nobody would ever think of interviewing, but it is the thing which everybody reads first in the newspapers. If rumour may be trusted, there are persons who read the Parliamentary reports and the political leaders. It is certain that there are many who read the money article and the police reports. But the interview is read

by everybody. What everybody reads no editor need apologise for printing. There is a popular idea of the interview, and there is the reverse of that idea. The two ideas were happily embodied by Mr. Harry Furniss in two sketches which he drew in the *Pall Mall Gazette* some time ago. The first sketch, "The Popular Idea," represented a hideous creature, in the costume of Paul Pry, invading the sanctum of an elderly and timid scholar, from whom he was seeking to extract information with the ferrule of his umbrella. In the companion sketch, a grave, spectacled personage was shown interviewing a vulgar notoriety, who sprawled on a couch, and did not offer his visitor a chair.

Popular prejudice against interviewing, wherever it still exists, imagines the interviewer as the Paul Pry of the Press, who thrusts himself upon persons by whom he is not wanted, and bullies them for information which they do not wish to impart. It is a little odd, though, that anyone should suppose that interviewing, or any other kind of newspaper work, could be conducted in that fashion in England. The "Englishman's

the object of public curiosity: the public wants to get at him.

Quite possibly he is well able to introduce himself by his pen. Quite possibly, on the other hand, he is not. In either case, it is likely that he does not think of, or has not time for, the pen as his means of personal introduction. What is still more probable is that (capable or incapable) he does not venture to introduce himself in person at all. The interviewer steps in and arranges that for him.

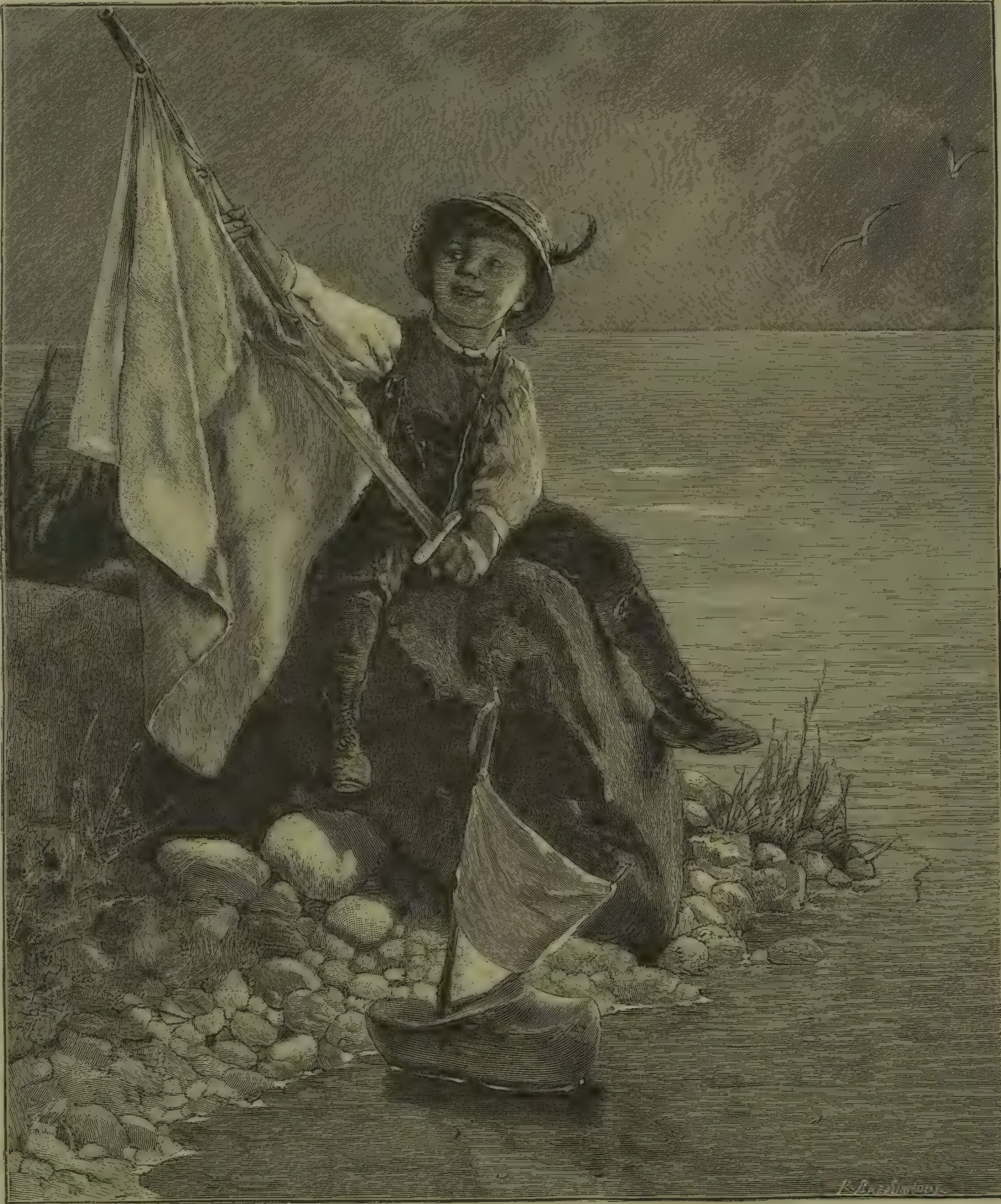
The interviewer's notebook is the medium of communication between the celebrity who has something to say and the public which wants to hear that something. He himself is the emissary of that rather numerous section of society which spends one half of its time in devouring all that is most interesting in the newspapers, and the other half in protesting that such things ought never to be printed.

But the ideal interview has yet to be written. It will possess all the interest that attaches to a transcript from real life. It will be more natural than the best of novels. The

interviewer needs to know two things—how to suppress himself, and how to bring out, and concentrate his whole interest upon, the person he is interviewing.

I think it is better that the interviewer should not know too much. He does not need to talk himself, but to make his subject talk. Given the knowledge on the part of the interviewed, it should be the business of the interviewer to make him unfold it. Except in special circumstances, the information of the interviewer should seldom be much above that of the average member of Parliament. I choose a low standard, my point being that the interviewer who knows too much is apt to say too much of himself.

T. H.



"SIGNALLING FOR A PILOT."—BY CARL RAUPP.

house" is still his "castle," though jerry-built; his feet are more or less stoutly shod; and the Pressman who had attempted to play Paul Pry with him would have been so often and so effectually kicked that he would by this time have had no "foundation of substantiality" to rest upon. This would have rendered his profession distasteful, not to say painful, to him: he would have withdrawn from it, and the interview would have disappeared from the English newspaper. But the interview flourishes, and has become what is called a "feature" of our Press.

If a serious view of the matter be insisted upon, let it be said that society gains in the long run by the publicity which is given nowadays to everything that is of the slightest concern to the community as a whole. It is well, for example, that scandals should be exposed; but the interviewer in this country has very little to do with scandal. He has succeeded here because he has stuck to the business proper of the interviewer, which is simply and solely to introduce the hero of the hour to the public that is anxious to make his acquaintance.

Somebody writes something, says something, does something, or invents something which sets everybody else talking. The public wants an introduction. The hero may be a man of letters or science; he may be the discoverer of a continent or a shaving-soap; he may be a policeman, a showman, a ballet-master, a peer, or a juggler. He has come to the front, he is

as 52½ and 53, and the men are not even allowed half an hour for dinner on Saturdays. The bakers in London used to work 72 hours a week summer and winter. They now have a 54 hours week. Sixty hours a week was not thought too hard for carpenters in 1880. Now in London the working week with them is reduced to 52½ hours alike in summer and winter. In the painting and decorating trade in London thirty years ago 60 hours a week was the rule all round; but they now work only 52½ hours a week in summer and 47 hours in winter. The hours in the cabinet-making trade have, since 1850, fallen from 60 and 70 a week to 56. The coal-miners vary very much. In Northumberland the hewers used to work 60 hours a week; they now work 38 hours. The boys have reduced their hours from 72 to 32½. The firemen still work 84 hours a week, as in 1850—in fact, the hours of surface-men at collieries seem longer than in any other trades in the country. In Lancashire, the miners since 1850 have reduced their hours from 72 per week to 57½; in Staffordshire, from 60 to 48. In Yorkshire, 60 hours used to be the rule. These miners now usually work only 48 hours a week. In the printing trade, hours have been reduced from 60 hours a week in 1850 to 54 in 1890. But among railway men no progress is recorded. Drivers still work 60 hours a week, and signalmen in "twelve-hour boxes" 72 hours a week.

The Board of Trade has just issued a return, showing the average number of hours making a week's work in the chief trade centres at different dates from 1850 to 1890. The hours of the agricultural labourer have fallen from 60 to 48 per week; but this applies to winter work only, for in summer 60 hours a week is the rule. From 60 to 50 in summer and winter may be taken as the average hours of a labourer on the land. Much the same may be said of dock labourers, who used to work from 63 hours to 57 hours in 1850, and now work from 60 to 54. The return as to the dockers is very curious. In 1850 the Liverpool docker worked from 46 in summer to 43 hours in winter. Last year the hours are given



FROM THE CITY OF  
FLOWERS.

BY HELEN ZIMMERN.

The most important event of the winter here in Florence has been, of course, the fall of the Crispi Ministry, an event which came almost unexpectedly, and which probably took no one more by surprise than the ex-Prime Minister himself, who always talked and acted as if he held his office for life, and as if even that life could never come to an end. The country, however, had become weary of his expensive and ostentatious policy, which involved Italy in financial obligations greater than she was able to bear. The Coalition Ministry, headed by the Marchese di Rudini, was at first thought unlikely to live, but it daily grows stronger, and gains the confidence of the country, and, if it sincerely and honestly carries out the economies that it promises, it is almost sure to survive—for the economic question is the most ardent one of modern Italy. The composition of a Ministry in Italy is hampered by geographical considerations—that is to say, a certain number of the members of the Cabinet must be chosen from various regions of the Peninsula, in order that there may be no preponderance of either southern, northern, or central element. This curious peculiarity, of which the counterpart is perhaps only to be found in the Austro-Hungarian Empire, considerably impedes the formation of a really effective Ministry, for good men have often to be left out in the cold and inferior men drawn into the Cabinet, in order to satisfy these geographical requirements, necessitated by Italian national vanity and sensitiveness, and explained by the fact that the unity of Italy is as yet young, and the people of the north and south have not yet become sufficiently welded into one body to sink their provincial differences for the sake of the national weal. The present Ministry is known as the Di Rudini-Nicotera combination, the veteran Baron Nicotera, a member of the Extreme Left, once a friend and colleague of Crispi, having accepted the portfolio of the Interior. Most unfortunately, Nicotera has a temper even more violent and irascible than that of Crispi, and it is feared both by friends and foes that he will prove the weak point in the Cabinet, and that some unexpected sally on his part of his ungovernable temper may expose it to dangers that may weaken and threaten its very existence. The Cabinet, as at present constituted, has Di Rudini as its President; General Pelloux, the youngest, most able, and, incidentally it may be mentioned, most good-looking general in the Italian Army, as its Minister of War. The young Milanese Deputy Colombo, a man thoroughly versed in all

economic questions, holds the portfolio for Finance, and it is to be hoped and expected that he, working in concert with the tried economist Luzzatti, may produce some order in the disorganised and disordered Italian finances. The appointment of Senator Villari as Minister of Public Instruction is also a most fortunate selection, and one that gives universal satisfaction, not only throughout Italy, but all over the educated world. Italian educational questions

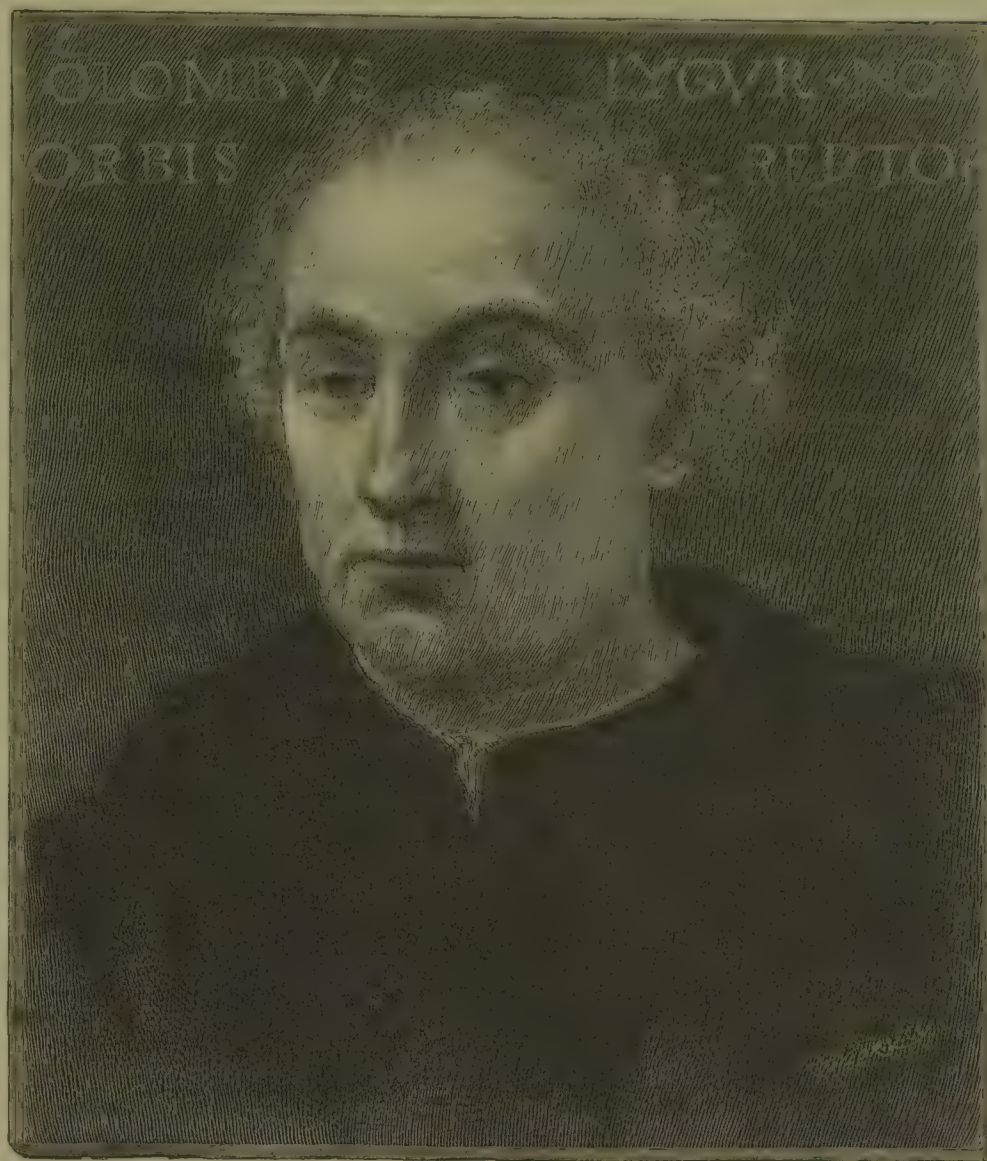
have been terribly hampered within the last few years by the pedantic and vexatious programmes put forward by the late Minister Boselli, which were merely calculated to confuse and to disgust his subordinates, and which have produced results anything but satisfactory. Villari, an ardent admirer of things English, a true Liberal and robust thinker, is likely to introduce real educational reforms, such as are urgently required. The new president of the council, Antonio di Rudini, Marchese of Starabba,\* was born at Palermo in the year 1839. In the year 1866, being then only twenty-seven, he found himself at the head of the administration of his native town. At that time, just after the close of the war with Austria, a reactionary revolt broke out in Palermo, which entirely paralysed the authorities with terror. Only the young Syndic had the courage and energy to call together the Liberal elements, and to hold the rebellion in check until such a time as the troops were able to come up and end it. Di Rudini is well known to be a man of proved honesty, and his pledges with regard to economy will certainly be faithfully fulfilled as far as it lies in his power.

We are now in full Lent, and enjoying all the beauties of early spring. Visitors throughout Italy are rare this year; and the Carnival has been a poor affair in all Italian towns, probably owing to the universal poverty and the absence of strangers, who have been frightened away by the exaggerated reports of typhoid fever in Florence and Rome. This is a great blow to the "winter city," which has suffered much pecuniary loss from the absence of tourists; and it is a further blow that the Queen has not paid her promised visit, since she always brings a large number of her country-people in her train.

AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT OF  
COLUMBUS.

The old portrait of Christopher Columbus recently discovered at Como derives its value not only from the scarcity of authentic likenesses of the great navigator, but from its art-history, as it was painted by Sebastian Del Piombo. It was formerly regarded as an heirloom in the family, now extinct, of the Giovios, and was in the possession of the writer Paul Giovio, who refers to it in his works, and had it engraved. On the failure of the male branch of the Giovio family, the portrait passed, two generations ago, to the De Orchi family, and is now in the possession of Dr. De Orchi, of Como.

\* The English papers, without exception, have persistently misspelt the Prime Minister's name. There is an accent on the final "i" which changes the entire pronunciation of the cognomen.



PORTRAIT OF COLUMBUS, BY SEBASTIAN DEL PIOMBO, RECENTLY DISCOVERED AT COMO.



THE PERFUMERY MANUFACTURE AT GRASSE: SORTING ROSES.



THE FIRST BUTTERFLY.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

'Tis a glorious spring day, when white clouds drift fleecy across a deep-blue sky. Catkins hang pendulous from the alders by the brook; the murmur of bees buzzes low among the fluff-covered willow-branches. As I turn the corner by the mill-wheel, a yellow butterfly soars overhead, rejoicing her small heart in the full, bright sunshine. This warm morning has brought her out from her long winter sleep in her hidden cocoon, and she spreads her untried wings on the breeze to-day with manifest delight in the mere joy of living.

What a curious analogy there is, when one comes to think of it, between the delayed or postponed flowering of the crocus or the almond-tree, whereof I discoursed last month, and this delayed or postponed flowering, if I may so call it, of the cabbage butterfly! For all last year the leaves of crocus and hyacinth were busily occupied in storing up in the buried bulb material ready-made for this year's flowers. Then winter came, and the leaves died down, and the bulb lay dormant in the frozen earth, with all its granary of rich food-stuff standing idle within it. But at the first touch of spring the warmth in the soil made the life-cycle start on its path again: buds sprouted afresh from the bulb and developed into flowers, and gave birth at last to seeds, whence fresh crocuses or hyacinths may hereafter in coming seasons take their origin. Now see how exactly the biography of the butterfly parallels this singular history. All last year, as a caterpillar, it ate away for dear life upon its proper food-plant, laying by material in its tissues for the chrysalis and the final winged insect. Then winter came, and the full-gorged little beast lay dormant in its cocoon, all the rich food-stuff standing idle in a sort of plastic mess till the proper moment arrived for complete metamorphosis. But with the first warm days the chrysalis gave birth to a perfect insect, and now she spreads her wings abroad in search of a proper mate, for she has reached what we may call by analogy her flowering period. By-and-bye, when she has found him, she will lay her eggs, which are the equivalents of seeds, and from which new caterpillars will arise to begin the same life-history over again in another summer. You can see, then, that this is no mere fanciful resemblance, but a real similarity of action: in plant and animal alike the cycle of functions is the same, conditioned by like seasonal changes, and for the self-same objects.

Even as I stand and watch, see, another cabbage butterfly soars up from windward, attracted by the faint scent borne on the wings of the breeze from his predestined partner. That's the way with male butterflies: they almost always flock up to freshly hatched mates from windward, because in that direction only can the perfume of their sister-insects be easily carried. Watch them coquetting in the sunshine, now: look how they circle and eddy! The aerial dance, however, is not all fantastic and purposeless; our little lady is coy, and selects her partner with studious care. Not every butterfly that offers is fit to woo and win her: she must be satisfied in her own wee mind with his appearance, his style, his mode of flight, his courtship. That is the rule of the sexes in nature—the male to be ardent, the female to be coy. Thus only can the efficiency of each race be sustained and improved from generation to generation. No battered or ill-formed insect stands a chance in that open-air assembly room: the best of his kind alone can ever secure an appropriate partner. It is the task of the vigorous wooers to press their suit with eagerness, and display their painted wings to the fullest advantage; it is the part of the observant dames to elude and select, to fly when they pursue, to accept coquettishly when the best-favoured postulant has won at last the tiny heart by the ostentation of his strength, his beauty, and his agility in airy gambols.

And now remark a very curious point of insect psychology which may never yet, perhaps, have struck you. That active little butterfly that now flits and circles round his undecided lady-love was born a caterpillar from an egg, with no knowledge or consciousness of his butterfly origin. He never saw the mother who laid that egg; he never knew one of his own kind as having any relation of any sort with himself. If he mixed with and recognised his brother and sister caterpillars, it was as caterpillars alone that he knew and understood them. But one day comes a change, an indescribable change. He finds himself unexpectedly crawling forth upon a bank and plimming his new-grown wings in the broad spring sunshine. Remember, he can't know what he looks like himself; he has no mirror in his grassy dressing-room to look at himself in and admire his own beauty. Yet what does he do next? Why, he spreads his broad yans, flies away straightway, and finds for himself another butterfly, a female of his kind, but otherwise exactly like himself in all things. The moment he sees her he knows her instinctively to be his predetermined mate, the complement of his kind; and, without further ado, he sails up to her and woos her. What a curious piece of mental action, what a wonderful complexity of nervous mechanism! Somewhere in the butterfly's little head there exists, no doubt, an ancestral picture, as it were, reproduced automatically from generation to generation, of his proper mate. This picture has its physical embodiment in certain nervous ganglia of the butterfly's system: the moment the fitting image falls upon the male insect's eye it acts by immediate instinct in pursuing and endeavouring to woo its natural partner; to all other butterflies in the world it is cold and irresponsible. Species exist, indeed, where the dull females are wholly unlike their gay lords; yet here also the mating takes place by unerring instinct. Habit and natural selection have engendered in the nervous system an exact correspondence with the visual image of the proper mate; and, as soon as ever that visual image falls upon the many facets of the insect's eye, the proper movements of courtship seem to follow of themselves, one might say, automatically.

CHES.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

R E (Dresden).—The B Pat Q B 4th must have been pushed two squares forward on the last move, thereby permitting the W Pat Q Kt 5th to capture it en passant. We trust we have now made plain the first move of this problem.

R KELLY (of Kelly).—Problems received with thanks. We will let you know which position we prefer after examination.

DELTA.—You will hear from us by post. Thanks for all your trouble and forethought.

G F HARLEY (Dudley).—It is now immaterial. We think White certainly ought to have come out with a more palpable advantage, but surely what is gained is sufficient.

Mrs W J BAIRD.—We are much obliged for your post-card.

J W G TEN HONES (Holland).—The first position seems now perfectly correct, and you have rightly judged what we mean by dual mates. If no flaw is disclosed on examination, it shall appear.

Dr F ST.—Your last contribution is marked for early insertion.

W ROBERTSON (Perth).—Examining the effect of 1. Kt to Q B 4th (dis. ch). In No. 2 there is no mate against the defence of 1. K to Q 3rd. The other is sound, and shall appear in due course.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2444 received from Dr A R V Sastry (Tanjur); of No. 2446 from W Barrett; of No. 2447 from An Old Lady (Paterson, U.S.A.); Rev John Wills (Barnstable, Mass.); W Barrett, and A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter); of No. 2448 from T G (Ware); W Barrett, A W H Gell, and H S B (Fairholme); of No. 2449 from L Schlu (Vienna); Dr Waltz (Hedelberg); Nellie Gales, W Barrett, Columbus, T G (Ware); Captain J A Challice, E W Brook, E P Vulliamy, R Worters (Canterbury), W Hanrahan (Rush), E E H, C E Perugini, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Sorrento (Dawlish), R Ranoch, and J F Moon.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2450 received from W R Raillem, Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), J D Tucker (Leeds), Fr Fernando (Dublin), T Roberts, Martin F, A Newman, Alpha, J C Mather, C E Perugini, G Joicey, M Burke, J Dixon, J Coad, Dr Waltz, W T Hurley (Hochester), Z Lucold, Youngs-burg, H B Harford, E P Vulliamy, G Jeffery, N Harris, and H S B (Fairholme).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2448.—By G. HEATHCOTE.

WHITE.

1. Q to R 7th

2. Q to R sq

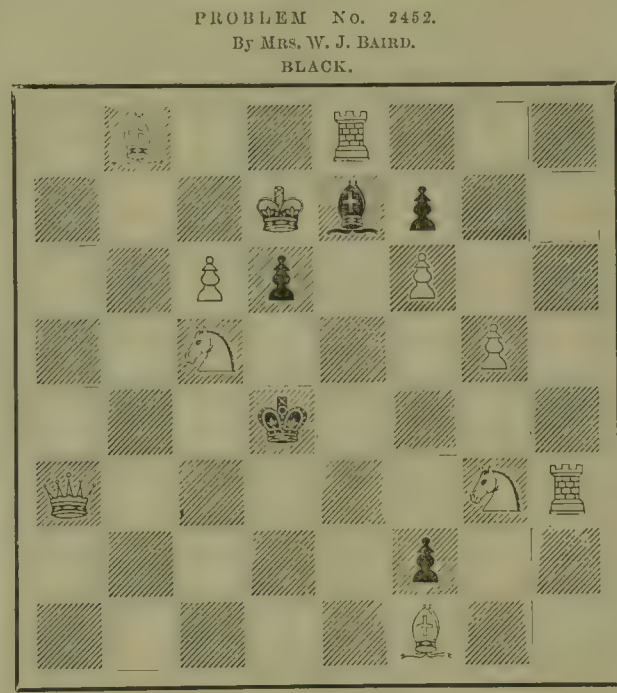
3. Q mates accordingly.

BLACK.

K to B 6th

K moves

If Black play 1. K to Kt 4th, 2. Q to K B 7th; and if 1. K to B 4th, then 2. Q to K Kt 7th, 2. K to B 5th, 3. Q to B 6th. Mate.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHES IN LONDON.

The following is the fourth game in the match between Messrs. TINSLEY and MULLER.

(Queen's Gambit Declined.)

WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Mr. M.)

1. P to Q 4th P to Q 4th

2. P to Q B 4th P to K 3rd

3. Kt to Q B 3rd Kt to K B 3rd

4. Kt to B 2nd P to K 2nd

5. P to K 3rd P to Q Kt 3rd

6. P takes P P takes P

7. B to K 2nd Castles

8. Castles P to Q B 4th

9. P to Q Kt 3rd B to Kt 2nd

10. B to Kt 2nd Q Kt to Q 2nd

11. Kt to K 5th P to Q R 3rd

12. R to B sq B to Q 3rd

13. Kt takes Kt Kt takes Kt

If Q takes Kt, White replies with Kt to R 4th—a very threatening move.

14. B to B 3rd P takes P

15. Q takes P B to K 4th

16. Q to Q sq Kt to B 4th

17. B to R 3rd Kt to K 5th

The position is embarrassing for Black, especially with the time limit. Move

WHITE (Mr. T.) BLACK (Mr. M.)

18. B takes Kt The correct move. Kt takes Kt, or B takes Kt, would yield no satisfactory results.

19. B takes R P takes B

20. Q to Q 7th Q takes B

21. P to K Kt 3rd P to Q R 4th

22. K R to Q sq P to K R 4th

23. Kt to Q 5th P to K R 5th

24. Kt to K 7th (ch) K to R sq

If K to B sq, Black would lose the Q by the check with R, as the Q must take to avoid mate. K to R 2nd is obviously no better.

25. Q to K B 5th White threatens to take the B P, when 27. Kt takes P (ch), wins speedily. The position is well worthy of study.

Game played at Simpson's between Messrs. MARSHALL (late of Glasgow) and MASON.

(Scotch Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Marshall). BLACK (Mr. Mason).

1. P to K 4th P to K 4th

2. Kt to K B 3rd Kt to Q B 3rd

3. P to Q 4th P takes P

4. Kt takes P Kt to B 3rd

5. Kt takes Kt Kt P takes Kt

6. Kt to B 3rd B to Kt 5th

7. Q to Q 4th Q to K 2nd

8. B to Q 3rd P to Q 4th

9. B to K Kt 5th B to Q B 4th

10. Q to R 4th B to Q 2nd

11. Castles (K R) P to K R 3rd

12. B to R 4th

We believe White might have done much better here by playing P takes P. If, in answer, P takes B, K R to K sq should win; and if P takes P, he may play B to Q Kt 5th or Q to K R 4th, in either case with a free and open game.

13. B to Kt 3rd P to Kt 4th

14. P to K 5th P to Q 4th

15. Kt to K 4th Kt to Q 4th

Kt takes Kt has its merits followed by Q to R 5th. If K B moves, then Q takes P to Q 4th; and if P to R 4th, P to K 6th, with a good position.

16. P to K R 4th

17. Kt to B 6th P takes P

18. Kt takes B Q to R 5th

19. Q to R 6th (ch) K takes Kt

20. B to B 5th (ch) K to K sq

21. K takes P Q takes B (ch)

22. K to B sq Kt to B 5th

23. B to K 4th Q to R 5th (ch)

24. B takes Q R takes B

Mate.

Professor Tomlinson has republished in small book form some of his well-known chess poems, to which is added, as an introductory essay, the sketch of Simpson's Divan that recently appeared in the *British Chess Magazine*. The professor is one of the few remaining links connecting this with the preceding generation of chessplayers, and his reminiscences are alike interesting and valuable. Copies are to be obtained from the Literary and Scientific Institution, Highbury, London, N.

The *East Central Times* problem tourney has resulted as follows: For three-movers—1st, G. Heathcote; 2nd, P. G. L. F.; 3rd, A. Bolns.

For two-movers—1st, G. Heathcote; 2nd, H. Cudmore; 3rd, R. G. Thomson; and J. Rayner and Mrs. W. J. Baird received honourable mention in both competitions.

The *Chess Monthly* for March contains the portrait and a cleverly written sketch of Mr. Steinitz. The champion is made the subject of a vigorous but, on the whole, favourable criticism, and a selection is also given of some of his best games.

AN ETHICAL FACTORY.

This is not what it is called in the official reports: there it disguises itself under the name of "The New York State Reformatory." But it is nothing less than the actual working of an Ethical Factory that Mr. Alexander Winter describes to us in the new volume of the Social Science Series.\* To this marvellous institution are committed a certain number of "first offenders" against the laws of New York State. They enter it with wills too weak to withstand temptation, minds too little cultivated to be capable of moral ideas, bodies debauched by physical excesses, characters ruined by recklessness and despair. One particular kind of social "rags" is continually being shot into the Elmira Factory, to be worked up afresh into effective "social tissue." And very successful the process appears to be.

Part of the process we may easily guess. How the inmates of Elmira are cleaned, fed, clothed, and set to do useful work; how they are brigaded, controlled, and disciplined by all the stimulating devices that American enthusiasm can invent; how, in fact, a model prison is "run"—all this we can imagine. What is peculiar to Elmira is the elaborate system for the development of individuality in the prisoners.

The task which Mr. Brockway, the founder, has set himself is, indeed, not the formation of a model prison, but the establishment of an effective method for the manufacture of character. The offenders are committed to Elmira virtually as persons suffering from defective moral sense. The evil done by New York—like London itself, a Circe among cities—needs to be remedied by rural treatment, and Elmira, in the delightful Chemung Valley, is the hospital appointed for the cure.

Naturally, therefore, no hard-and-fast time is prescribed. The sentence does, indeed, lay down a maximum limit beyond which the moral invalid is not to be detained, even if at its expiration he must needs be returned to the world as incurable. But every inmate is discharged as soon as he is regarded as cured, and this potential liberality is one of the most important stimulants of the cure.

The patients are minutely examined on entrance, classified into three grades, and placed in appropriate educational classes and industrial workshops. An elaborate system of marks both facilitates and records the gradual strengthening of the "self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control" which is the goal of the whole system.

How the patient is fed up to enable him to learn; how he is gradually led on from reading and writing to the most astounding class discussions on ethics, theology, and political economy; how theory and practice go hand in hand, although not quite in Mr. Squeers's sense—all this must be read in Mr. Winter's most instructive volume. And then will rise up to the English reader a mental picture of the horrible routine of a modern English prison—the soul-crushing monotony of the dull, mechanic round of solitude and toil; the rigid military woodenness of the whole staff, from the governor down to the warder; and the inevitable result of it all in the manufacture not of a moral sense but of a sullen resentment against the society which allowed a man to fall beneath temptations too strong for him, and then could do nothing better for him than crush out all individuality and development because he had fallen. Prince Kropotkin tells us, indeed, that he never knew a prisoner who felt that his punishment had been deserved.

It is therefore hardly to be wondered at that Mr. Havelock Ellis's preface to the volume is written in tones at once of despair and of hope. Mr. Ellis despairs when he thinks how far off our prison authorities yet are from any notion of the reform of the prisoners committed to their charge. They will take, as he says, any amount of trouble to improve the prison buildings, but have no interest in considering the improvement of the inmates of these buildings. But the generous enthusiasm of Mr. Brockway, and the wise courage of the New York State Legislature, have now for fifteen years shown us the way to better things. The Elmira system of the "indeterminate sentence," and the moral education of the prisoner, may, as Professor von Liszt has suggested, very likely go round the world, and accomplish as much for the prisoners of to-day as Howard's reform did for those of his time. The destruction during these weeks of Millbank Prison, Bentham's pet model, warns us how fast change even our ideals. The "prison" of the year 2000 will probably be as far ahead of Elmira as Elmira is of the Millbank of 1820. S. W.

INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF HYGIENE.

The Prince of Wales, as President of the International Congress of "Hygiene and Demography," to be held in London from August 10 to August 17, presided on March 16 at a meeting of the General Committee, when a report was read by Sir Douglas Galton. This Congress, the seventh held in different cities of Europe, is to be organised in two divisions and ten sections—namely, 1. Hygiene, in nine sections (1. Preventive Medicine; 2. Bacteriology; 3. Relation of the Diseases of Animals to those of Man; 4. Hygiene of Infancy and Childhood; 5. Chemistry and Physics in relation to Hygiene; 6. Architecture in relation to Hygiene; 7. Engineering in relation to Hygiene; 8. Naval and Military Hygiene; 9. State Hygiene). 11. Demography (Demography, Health Statistics, and Industrial Hygiene). The inaugural meeting will take place at St. James's Hall on August 10, under the presidency of the Prince of Wales, and the sectional meetings will be held on the five following days, in the rooms of the learned societies at Burlington House.

The members of the congress will wear a distinctive badge, which has been designed, at the request of the committee, by Mr. T. B. Cutler, architect, one of the honorary secretaries. The Prince of Wales has approved this design for the badge, which will be made in gold, the background of red enamel.



BADGE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS OF HYGIENE.

\* The Elmira Reformatory. London. Sonnenschein.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Some interesting researches have lately been published in an Italian journal concerning the influence of repose on the sensitiveness of the retina (a nervous network of the eye) to light and colour. The researches in question—those of Bassevi—appear to corroborate investigations which were made some years ago by other observers. In the course of the investigations the subject experimented upon was made to remain in a dark room for a period varying in extent from fifteen to twenty minutes. The room was darkened, it is noted, by means of heavy curtains, through which the light could not penetrate. After the eyes of the subject had thus been rested in the darkness, it was noted that the sensitiveness of his sight had been increased threefold. The mere sense of light itself had increased eighteen times. It was further noted that the sensitiveness to light-rays, after the eye had been rested, was developed in a special order; the first colour which was recognised being red, then followed yellow, while green and blue respectively succeeded. If colour-fatigue was produced in the eye by a glass of any special hue, it was found that the colour in question came last in the series in point of recognition. The first of these experiments, regarded from a practical point of view, would appear to consist in an appreciation of the revivifying power of darkness as regards the sight. The colour-purple of the retina is known to become redeveloped in darkness; and it is probable, therefore, that the alternation of day and night is a physical and external condition, with which the sight of animals is perfectly in accord.

Among the many social subjects in the elucidation of which science plays no unimportant part, that of inebriety has of late years come prominently to the front. Physicians, and, it is to be hoped, the public also, have come to recognise that dipsomania is really a disease, and, as such, has to be met, treated, and combated by appropriate means of cure. I notice, in this connection, an interesting document—the seventh annual report of the Dalrymple Home for Inebriates, which is specially devoted to the treatment of cases of drink-craving. The report teaches us what may be accomplished in the way of cure of this ailment, through the careful physical and moral supervision of the patient. Some 224 patients have passed through the home, and have been discharged, their average period of detention being from six to seven months. The after-history is, of course, the most interesting feature of such cases. Forty-two per cent. of the 212 above noted have remained cured, and we are reminded that this fact becomes the more remarkable when the long period during which the habit of inebriety had control over the patients is taken into account; this period averaging nine years. The age of more than half the patients lay between thirty and forty years, the average age was thirty-six. The patients treated were nearly all well educated, about a fourth having had a University training. As concerns their professions, the medical profession contributed nineteen patients, the law twelve, and the church six. One remark is of vital import. The truth of the old quotation that "Satan finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do" is fully borne out by the information that, of the Dalrymple Home patients, fifty-seven were gentlemen of "no occupation" at all. An idle man, unless he has a literary, art, or scientific hobby, is really, a danger to himself; and it is perhaps little to be wondered at that *ennui* sends many a man and woman into the great lone land of despair, with alcoholism or morphia-drinking as a preparatory measure to his (or her) ultimate destruction.

The telephone between London and Paris has at last been successfully completed, and conversation between the English and French capitals may be carried on at will. This is in itself a triumph for the telephone, seeing that hitherto, I believe, the obstacles to clear hearing through cables were regarded as almost fatal to the successful use of the instrument. The English land line measures eighty-five miles, and the French line 204 miles. The telephone cable between Dover and Calais, which is the joint property of the two Governments, is the first which has been constructed for telephonic purposes for use in the open sea.

I had sent me a card of invitation to drink tea with the Mazawattee Tea Company a few days ago. I am sorry I was unable to be present at that function, seeing that it is not often one is invited to partake of "the cup that cheers" which has been brewed with tea costing £10 12s. 6d. per pound. This was the price paid by the company for a small parcel of Ceylon tea from the Gartmore Estate. I learn that this parcel was composed of small golden tips from the ends of the tea plant's early shoots. In such a tea the quantity of tannin is, of course, reduced to a minimum, and the full flavour of the tea is therefore to be duly appreciated. Whether the British public, accustomed to its strong, heavy-bodied teas, would appreciate the aroma of the expensive early crop is quite another matter. The one comfort we have is that it is certainly possible to drink good wholesome tea (not too much of it, however) at a mere fraction of the price once paid for any inferior stuff in the way of Bohea.

The use of oil for stilling the waves is as old as the days of Pliny. Evidently this method of ensuring relative calmness in the neighbourhood of a ship during a gale continues to prove a great success. Recent reports from captains of ships which have successfully weathered severe storms teach the value of an oil-bag slung over each quarter of a ship in a heavy sea. Would it not be well to provide the Channel steamers with oil-bags? The railway companies interested in the cross-Channel services might with advantage take my hint. Judging from the accounts I have read of the recent heavy weather in the English Channel, when a steamer had to "lay by" for many hours off the French coast in a deplorable state (with a royal personage on board, to boot), I should say a couple of oil-bags would have proved a godsend, alike to captain, crew, and passengers. I have not heard of oil being used in such passenger services; but, with the

occasional liability of our Channel boats to lie (and roll) like logs for hours together in the teeth of a storm, it seems only right that they should be provided with this means for ensuring safety and comfort.

I have received several letters asking for further information regarding "mirror-writing," under which name is included that form of calligraphy (usually practised with the left hand, by the way) which consists of a complete reversion of ordinary characters, such as is read naturally when the writing is held before a looking-glass. I can only say, in reply, that the causes of the condition are still obscure; but I should be pleased if any of my correspondents would favour me with specimens of mirror-writing executed by themselves or their friends. I have a few specimens at hand, but I am anxious to increase my collection for purposes of research.

## THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

A year or two back this venerable Society gave hopes—not, perhaps, of renewed youth—at least of the glories of a green old age. It had emerged with credit from the drastic or spasmodic treatment to which it had for a short interval, been subjected, and seemed destined to resume the place it once occupied when picture exhibitions were less numerous than they now are. The present display of the Society's achievements is not calculated to keep alive such hopes. Not only is there a falling off in the general style of the work, but there is an apparent want of appreciation of the merits of the pictures exhibited. The place of honour in the large gallery is awarded to a large canvas by Mr. William Strutt, entitled "A Terrible Scare," of which the proper resting-place would be the *salle à manger* of M. Tartarin of Tarascon. The lions, of which the originals are apparently traceable to the Lowther Arcade, are scarcely placed to do harm to the traveller on a white horse, who is passing beneath their lair, for they must in their spring clear both the horse and its rider, and will probably come to grief in the river beyond. In an adjoining room an almost equal amount of space is occupied by Mr. Nelson Dawson's "House of the Seven Gables"—a very respectable building, half hidden by the tall weeds of the orchard; but it is difficult to realise the standpoint which has enabled the painter to view the weeds from above and the house on a level. Nor is Mr.



THE OUNCE, OR SNOW LEOPARD, AT THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

Dawson more successful in the perspective of his sea-piece entitled "Cheerily, Lads!" which represents a very unsafe looking life-boat making its way towards a ship which appears to be in no immediate danger. Mr. Dawson's seas are not running "mountains high," it is true, but, nevertheless, they run uphill in a way which would astonish both sailors and landmen. Another place of distinction is awarded, on equally unintelligible grounds, to Mr. A. D. McCormick's "Voices of the Night," which represents a lady of the most painful anatomical proportions seated on a marble bench apparently playing double-handed *solitaire*. But for unintentional humour nothing can compare with Mr. Hamilton Jackson's "Death of Samson," from which we may at least draw the moral that the taste for "strong men" is deteriorating to art. Samson, in the present instance, however, is resorting to a trick, and thus we may explain his easy way of going about his business. We cannot find a similar excuse for the very unartistic way in which the Philistines decorated their temple; but perhaps that is the artist's way of showing us that they were Philistines.

Happily some of the pictures are on a higher level than those to which so much prominence has been accorded. Mr. Sherward Hunter, for instance, has not only struck out a new idea in his "Carrying the Viaticum," but has treated it successfully. The dark glade of trees, among which the kneeling peasants are to be seen here and there, is a poetic and a truthful rendering of the Breton country, and the figure of the old priest, attended by his little thurifer, is full of dignity and feeling. Mr. Dudley Hardy, too, scores a distinct success with his "Snake Charmers," a bit of rich colouring worthy of Decamps, while Mr. R. W. Rouse is almost as successful in his colourless "Marshy Land"; but the problem he has set himself is not to be compared for difficulty with that solved by Mr. Hardy. Mr. W. L. Pickering's work is too imitative of French art to claim a very high place, but one cannot but admire the skill with which he handles the brush, especially in the landscape "Where Birches Wave and Alders Sigh"; and Mr. Yeend King, who somehow generally shows at his best in this gallery, is represented by four landscapes, more than usually subdued in colour, of which "Across the Fields" is the most important, and an "Autumn Morning" the most delicate.

Among the figure-paintings Mr. W. Llewellyn's portrait of Miss Ashton Jonson is perhaps the most noteworthy; and it is not the less attractive for its quiet and limited colour. The same artist has scarcely succeeded so well in the portrait of Mr. T. Jefferies, although the figure is carefully drawn and well set up. On the other hand, Mr. H. Sykes's affected figure of a reclining lady, with a preposterously small head, entitled "The Rose," is an ambitious failure, both in drawing and colour. Mr. L. C. Henley, as usual, is correct and commonplace, his figures being, in most instances, little more than

well-dressed dolls, who display their graces among a profusion of Chippendale furniture. In the figure introduced into "Potpourri" there is, however, considerable grace of pose, but otherwise the picture is even of less interest than Mr. Davidson Knowles's "Boulogne Fishwife," who apparently holds at the disposal of artists lobsters of a phenomenal size, unknown to the modern housewife. Mr. W. H. Pike's "Tales from Town" is, perhaps, the most satisfactory of the *genre* pictures, but doubt is left on the mind as to whether the traveller is altogether respectable, and whether he is not unduly practising upon the credulity of the inmates of the village inn, who, by the way, are dressed with over-scrupulous care. The picture, however, is painted with considerable spirit, and the attitudes of the group are skilfully managed. Mr. Sidley's portrait of Mrs. Levita has, if we mistake not, been already exhibited, but it is clever enough to claim a place in the present exhibition; and perhaps a like excuse may be put forward on behalf of some of Mr. Anderson Hague's works, although we cannot regard his efforts to render broken lights as altogether successful.

In conclusion, it may be urged, in defence of an exhibition so commonplace as the present, that it provides an outlet for a considerable amount of work which otherwise would not be brought under the notice of picture-buyers. If the standard of art is not high, there are, at all events, works here to suit ordinary tastes and ordinary purses, and many a picture may be found which will doubtless give complete satisfaction to the purchaser.

## THE OUNCE, OR SNOW LEOPARD.

The Zoological Society's collection of living animals has just received an important addition in the shape of a young specimen of the ounce, or snow leopard (*Uncia uncia*), which has been purchased of Mr. William Jamrach, the well-known dealer. The ounce, which is allied to the leopard, but is distinguished by its denser fur, longer tail, and lighter colour, inhabits the higher districts of Central Asia, and is the only one of the larger feline animals that has hitherto remained unrepresented in our Zoological Gardens. Though many attempts have been made to secure specimens of it from Northern India, none of them have proved successful until the arrival of the present specimen. The ounce has been lodged for the present

in a special cage prepared for it outside the lion house, as it was not thought advisable to introduce a denizen of the snowy regions of the Himalayas into the warm atmosphere that so well suits the lions and tigers.

## THE DEMOCRAT IN LITERATURE.

Mr. Edmund Gosse touches the fringe of an interesting subject in his article on "The Influence of Democracy in Literature" in the *Contemporary Review*. Mr. Gosse is interested chiefly in the æsthetic side of his theme. Why do people read trashy novels and neglect sterling authors? The answer is that an intelligent appreciation of fiction is an endowment that is often denied even to the comparatively educated, who will prefer a sensational story, poor in art, style, and everything that makes literature, just as they prefer a commonplace picture to many a masterpiece. In politics the will of the multitude must prevail, because it has been found, after long experience, that government by the people for the people is, on the whole, superior to government of the many by the few. But no such rule applies to literature and art. There is an aristocracy of taste which cannot submit to the ballot-box. The popularity of an author does not necessarily fix his place in the temple of the immortals. The great writer who has a small circle of readers may be exercising a deeper and more enduring influence on the literature of his time than the rival whose books are sold by tens of thousands. The root of the matter is not the influence exercised by the passing acclamation of the day on our literary standards, not the paralysis of originality due to the circulating-library system, which Mr. Gosse humorously calls *Mudietis*, not any superficial and trivial phase of a literary fashion. We have to inquire how the democratic spirit of the age adjusts the standpoint of really representative writers, who will hereafter be regarded as typical spokesmen of their generation. There are certain unmistakable landmarks. Nobody will say that the "Waverley Novels" are democratic. Scott had been dead five years when Dickens became famous, and yet the mental interval between them is enormous. In Dickens the life of the people springs into literature with an almost fierce exuberance. In Thackeray, despite his manifold affinities with the classes he described, the dominant note is distinctly democratic. Satire is not conducive to the health and comfort of caste and narrow privilege. In George Eliot the same influence is perceptible, but less aggressive. The large tolerance of that writer is perhaps more truly democratic than any direct onslaught on the citadel of prejudice. Of living authors, Mr. George Meredith is probably the most democratic in his sympathies; and Nevil Beauchamp is a vivid embodiment of the nobler impulses which seek to enlarge the horizon of humanity. But the best of our fiction has a multiplicity of social threads, which make as intricate a web as was ever woven. It is this characteristic which distresses some American critics who possess a social system of which the elements are quite simple, and who go so far as to assert that English novels are demoralising to the American mind. Mr. W. D. Howells sees stretching before him in his native country a democracy which is a great human brotherhood that has never known the blight of European institutions, the survivals of feudal tyranny, and the serfdom of the people. So in America it is quite easy to be democratic even in poetry, as Walt Whitman shows us by his independence of poetic form, and by what Oliver Wendell Holmes has unkindly described as the freaks of the American colt who sprawls on his back and kicks his heels in the air. But the most democratic influence of all is the growth of realism as an artistic method. For this reason the French democracy find a far more powerful expression in their literature and art than in their political institutions.





IN THE SPRINGTIME OF THE YEAR.





A NAUTCH GIRL DANCING.



## LITERATURE.

## NEW YORK.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.

New York has the honour of being the first American city included by Mr. Freeman and Mr. Hunt in their series of "Historic Towns." Comparatively youthful as it is in years, its story may not have the picturesqueness or archaeological importance of that of London or Winchester, Oxford or Bristol, Colchester or Carlisle; but it is, perhaps, for that very reason, of even greater practical interest. New York, it is true, was not in its early days as wholly democratic as Penn's colony or the Puritan settlement in New England. It had its feudal lords, and distinctions of caste were rigidly enforced—at least, by those who considered themselves the Brahmins of this new social world. But, on the whole, there was a strong leaning towards democracy from the first, confirmed, of course, after the War of Independence; and in New York, by far the largest and most important town in the United States, the success of democratic institutions, with all their advantages and disadvantages, can best be studied.

Mr. Freeman was wise in entrusting this volume of his series to Mr. Roosevelt, whose very name is as intimately associated with the history of New York as is that of the Livingstons or Schuylers or Van Rensselaers, and who himself is actively interested in its present political affairs. He is one of a few prominent younger Americans who are working hard to free the country from some of the political evils which of late years have so sorely oppressed it. From his ranche in the West—from his travels in many lands—he has returned to New York, where, besides busying himself in its local politics, he is serving on the Commission which is seeking to work out the Civil Service reform, inaugurated by President Cleveland, but sadly retarded under Mr. Harrison's administration. Mr. Roosevelt is an American of the Americans, and he makes this very evident throughout his History. "In speaking to my own countrymen," he writes in his Preface, "there is one point upon which I wish to lay special stress; that is, the necessity for a feeling of broad radical and intense Americanism, if good work is to be done in any direction." His own Americanism is not of that aggressive stamp which Martin Chuzzlewit fancied he encountered at every step. It has all the breadth and radicalism which he himself advocates, and ably qualifies him to write the true story of his native town, concealing nothing of its weakness, never exaggerating its strength.

It has not been his aim, he explicitly explains, to collect new facts: he has preferred rather to show the true meaning of those already collected, and their relations to one another. He begins, properly, with Hendrik Hudson's journey in 1609, in the good ship Half-Moon, up the river which now bears his name, and the almost immediate settlement of Manhattan Island by a handful of adventurers and fur-traders—for New York, from the very beginning, was essentially a trading city. Then followed its gradual and lethargic development under Dutch rule until its final conquest by the English. The conversion of New Amsterdam, as the village on Manhattan Island was known in its Dutch days, into New York made but little stir at the time. There were already almost as many English as Dutch on the island, besides large numbers of French Huguenots, Germans, and Walloons. So long as colonial laws and customs were not interfered with, the colonists do not seem to have been very enthusiastic in their loyalty to the mother country across the seas. But the century which intervened between the beginning of the English rule in 1664 and its overthrow in 1776 did much to shape the after-fortunes of New York. It was during these long hundred years that New Yorkers really fought the good fight for freedom. One, at least, of the governors under James II., the patron of the colony, was a fanatical believer in the divine right of kings, and hence an upholder of arbitrary government; the system of huge landed estates was already producing in the New World the evils which have sprung from it in Great Britain; there was practically a strong aristocracy in power. But then, on the other hand, among the middle-class citizens, Dutch and English alike, there existed a stubborn love of liberty; and inch by inch, step by step, these citizens made good their claims to their own rights. The rebellion of Leisler, though it collapsed, was still not without its wholesome influence on the people; while the Earl of Bellomont, as Governor, was the champion of political equality. It is interesting to note that all this time the peace and prosperity of New York were threatened by the same danger which now bids fair to be the city's ruin. This was its mixed population, its preponderating foreign element, together with the undesirable nature of many of the immigrants who streamed to its shores. Then, as now, it overflowed with the riff-raff of Europe.

New Yorkers, though they rebelled against unjust Stamp Acts, and broke out in serious riots when British soldiers were quartered in their midst, were not eager for the Revolutionary War. Once, however, they had pledged themselves to the American cause, they fought bravely and well. The history of the Revolution is really the history of the United States, and Mr. Roosevelt dwells but shortly upon New York's share in it. But he rightly credits the city with the very important part it played in the Federalist movement which led to the adoption of the present Constitution, thus completing the work begun by the War of Independence.

Mr. Roosevelt's remaining chapters are devoted to the present century, when the history of old New York may be said to have come to an end, and that of the modern city, with its totally different conditions, to have begun. Perhaps more than all other towns has it suffered from corrupt municipal government, and from that sharp and demoralising contrast between colossal fortunes and grinding poverty which in its case was anticipated, in a measure, by the marked distinction between the large landowners and degraded bond-servants of its early days. All these evils, all the wild rioting among the working classes, all the frauds of disgraceful Tammany rings in this least American of all American towns, Mr. Roosevelt ably and frankly sets forth. But he is never discouraged. To him, "taking into account the enormous mass of immigrants, utterly unused to self-government of any kind, who have been thrust into our midst, and are even not yet assimilated, the wonder is, not that universal suffrage has worked so badly, but that it has worked so well." And all who realise that to-day four fifths of New York's population are of foreign birth or parentage can but wonder with him. He believes that all will yet be right, if only every young American, "according to the measure of his capacity, will with manly honesty and good faith do his full share of the all-important duties incident to American citizenship." His own manly honesty and good faith are unmistakable, and add much to the interest of the book: he tells his story, if without great literary distinction, at least with a simplicity and directness that hold the reader's attention throughout.

\* *Historic Towns: New York.* By Theodore Roosevelt. London: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1891.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

As both Princess Clotilde and Prince Victor Napoleon are opposed to the publication of any of the notes and diaries left by Prince Jérôme, it is unlikely that his curious "souvenirs" will see the light for many a long day. Though not a good letter-writer, and of an extreme epistolary prudence, the Prince kept a diary, and recorded many of the conversations held with him and in his presence. Two copies exist of his day-to-day notes written during the Empire—for he had a nervous dread of being misrepresented to his cousin, Napoleon III. Prince Jérôme wrote eloquently when the spirit moved him, and his "Napoleon et ses détracteurs," published in pamphlet form some three years since, in answer to M. Taine's bitter attacks on the First Empire in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, made a great impression from both the political and literary point of view.

Prince Jérôme, like his sister Princess Mathilde, had a special predilection for the society of literary men, and the famous Saint-Beuve Good Friday dinners nearly caused his exile from Paris and the Tuileries. The Prince always protested energetically against there having been anything premeditated or wilfully offensive in this Lenten feast. Saint-Beuve always gave a small dinner-party every Friday, and on this occasion the great critic, and, stranger still, his cook, overlooked the fact that it was *le Vendredi Saint*. Besides the host and Jérôme Napoleon, there were present Alexandre Dumas fils, the De Goncourts, Théophile Gautier, and Flaubert, and it was only three weeks later, in face of the gathering storm brewing round them, that *ces messieurs* realised what they had done.

Everyone should read two little volumes of short stories



MISS MARY WILKINS.

by Miss Mary Wilkins, which are published in England by Mr. David Douglas. Miss Wilkins

is a native of Randolph, Massachusetts, where she has spent the greater part of her, at present, very short life. All her work, says the New York *Book Buyer*, is done at her home in Randolph. Her sitting-room and library are bright and full of colour in hangings and couches, with a desk in each room and an old fireplace in the library. She has an enthusiasm for painting and sculpture, and counts Dickens

and Thackeray among her favourite writers. One is not surprised to hear that Mr. Lowell and Dr. O. W. Holmes have sent for Miss Wilkins to thank her for her faithful and delicate pictures of New England life. In "A Humble Romance" and "A Far-Away Melody," the two little volumes by which she is at present known, there are some quite splendid touches of realism, of simple humour, of exquisite pathos. Take, for example, the story entitled "A Mistaken Charity," in which we have a description of how two old women living in a broken-down, weather-stained cottage, and obtaining the barest subsistence by gathering dandelions, are carried off to a "Home" by energetic philanthropists. The picture of the two dames positively "running away" and returning to their cottage is quite matchless in recent literature. Another story, entitled "An Object of Love," seizes upon an old maid's affection for her cat with rare sympathy and charm. Altogether, Miss Wilkins is a writer to be eagerly read.

We have heard somewhat lately, from Mr. Carnegie, of the blessings of poverty and the miseries of the rich. Whatever may be thought on this subject in general, we are sure that, of all book-buyers, the poor man alone is blessed. Keats shouting with delight over some passage in a borrowed Chapman's Homer, or Lamb wearing rusty clothes five or six weeks longer that he might spend fifteen shillings on the folio Beaumont and Fletcher—these are the happy bookmen. Let not that man be called fortunate who, like a mighty book-hunter, recently deceased, and whose huge library is scattered, can afford to order whole cases of second-hand books—and never open them. We have known such men go to the British Museum because they found it less trouble than to hunt out their own copies. If any poor book-buyer requires consolation, he need only read that wise and delightful essay of Lamb on "Old China," and he will understand the question, "Was there no pleasure in being a poor man, then?" The young man who walks into the City daily, and stints his luncheon to find money for books, will value them—at least we know one who does. Even happier was he whose sweetheart (she is, of course, his wife now) used to go daily to a public library until she had copied out for him the whole of a rare and favourite poem of some length. Think you he and she knew nothing of the pleasures of poverty, as they drew around the fire over this book, which riches could never have yielded them?

What a marvellous picture of contemporary France, north and south, Emile Zola and Alphonse Daudet could write in collaboration! It is not generally known that this idea was very nearly becoming a reality some three years ago. But the two friends held such diametrically opposite views on the Academy that the project was quickly abandoned, not before it had been seriously discussed and the book actually sketched out in M. Daudet's mind; but this took place before the publication of either "L'Immortel" or "La Bête Humaine."

Another literary landmark of Romancist Paris is about to disappear in the Passage Radziwill, the narrow subway connecting the Rue de Valois with the Rue des Bons Enfants. Here still stands the famous "Maison à neuf étages" described by Soulié in "Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait"—the house containing a double corkscrew staircase, so cunningly imagined that two people starting at the bottom do not again see each other till the top storey is reached. The Vandal in this case is the Governor of the Bank of France, who wishes to erect in the place of the nine-storeyed house smart modern offices. The Franco-Prussian War destroyed, even more than did the all-pervading influence of Baron Haussmann, Parisian houses immortalised by Alexandre Dumas père, Honoré de Balzac, &c., yet up to a year ago the original of the sinister *pension* where Le Père Goriot played his part in the modernised version of "King Lear" still remained what it had been, and was much patronised by the long-pedigree provincials who still cling to the old quiet left bank of the Seine.

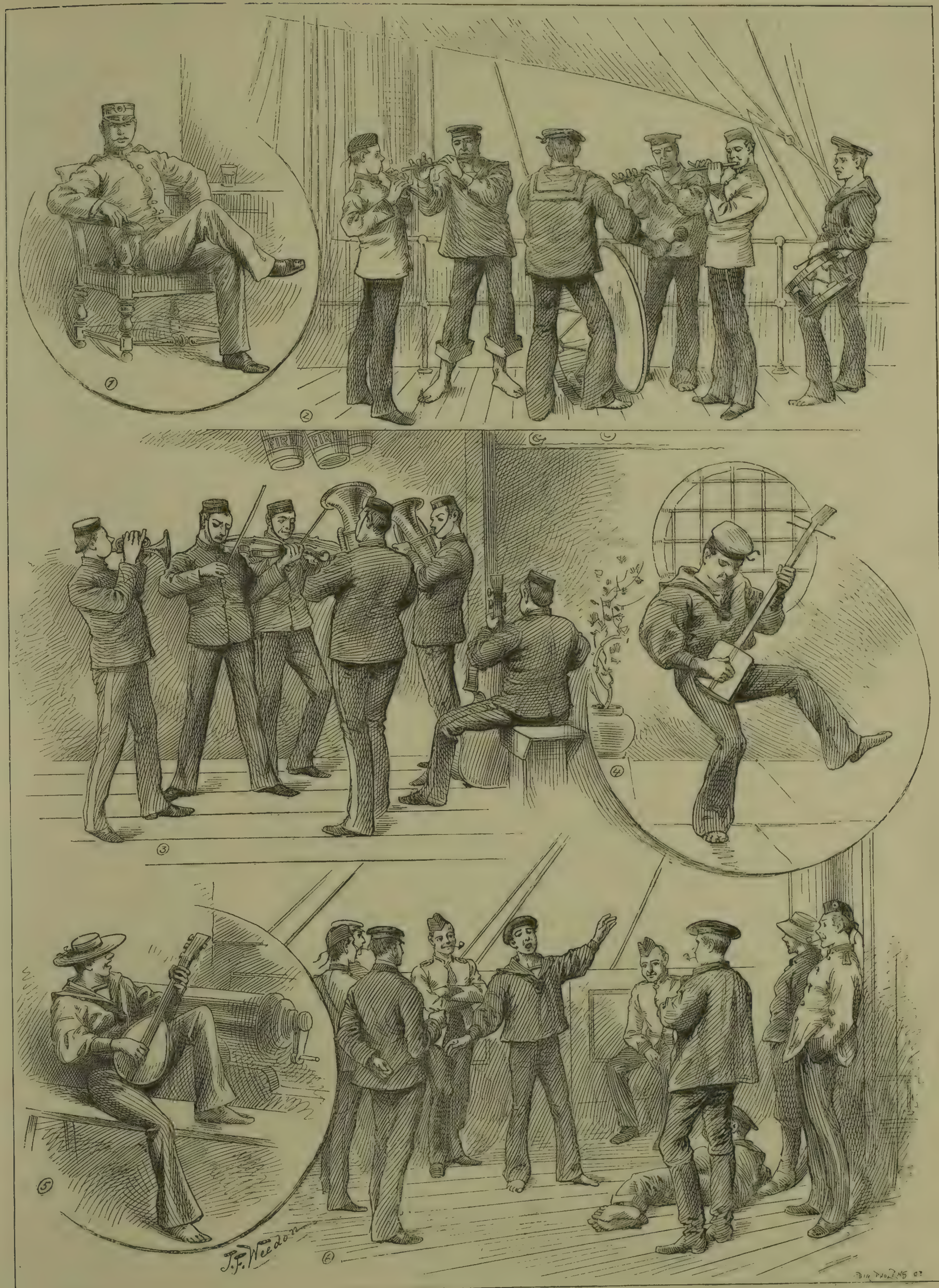
## NOVELS.

*Froth, "La Espuma."* By Armando Palacio Valdés. Translated by Clara Bell. (W. Heinemann.)—The series of English translations of some of the most characteristic works of contemporary foreign novelists, published in cheap unbound volumes by Mr. Heinemann, and called "The International Library," may assist to form a comparative estimate of modern European literature. The editor, Mr. Edmund Gosse, has acknowledged qualifications for the office of selection and supervision. His introductory notices, biographical and critical, of the several authors, French, German, Russian, Norwegian, Italian, and Spanish, afford correct views of their relation to the prevailing state of opinion and of society in their own countries. Björnson and Tolstoi, indeed, as well as Guy de Maupassant, were already well known to many English readers, but Spanish literature of the present day is rarely brought under their notice. Few among us, probably, were directly acquainted with the writings of Valdés, who has, though not yet forty years of age, won a high reputation in Spain by his stories, descriptive of provincial town and country life. This most recent work, the title of which might be rendered "Froth" or "Scum," is a terribly satirical exposure of social corruption in the city of Madrid. Its perusal, like that of the satires of Juvenal or the severely anatomical dissection of Parisian frivolity by such writers as Balzac and Daudet, has an effect the reverse of seductive or dissipating in its operation on the moral sentiment. The author, indeed, shows great knowledge of the habits and manners of different classes, especially of the "nouveaux riches" making themselves conspicuous by prodigal expenditure, too often by profligate intrigues, in a metropolis from which the more sober and austere families of the old Spanish nobility prefer to keep aloof. He has also the faculty of strongly conceiving and delineating individual characters. That of the sordid and ruffianly speculator, a low-born, foul-living, coarse-minded financier, Salabert, raised to the peerage as Duke de Requena, seems dreadfully real; and the shifty bankers, Don Osorio and Don Calderon, must be such men as are to be met in the streets. There may be little or no exaggeration, also, in the behaviour of the idle fops, loungers, and dandies at the fashionable "Savage Club" of Madrid. Valdés, however, in this special work of satire cannot have designed to present an entire or average view of society in the capital of Spain: he has displayed only its worse side. His intention is evidently that of a moralist, rebuking contemporary vices by the exhibition of their baseness and ugliness, which he does with powerful effect.

*Prisoners and Captives.* By H. S. Merriman. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son.)—The interest here lies in the sustained exhibition of a single manly character. It is that of Cland Tyars, a high-bred, independent, strong-willed English gentleman, of athletic habits and self-trained practical ability, who chooses a romantic and difficult task, attended with personal hardships and dangers, but approved by the consciousness of a generous object. He is not a mere sportsman, or an explorer ambitious of the renown of geographical discovery. Having been told of the sufferings of Russian political exiles in Siberia, he has resolved, in partnership with Matthew Mark Easton, an American merchant who knows Russia, to equip a steam-yacht at his private cost, to navigate the Arctic Ocean, and aid the escape of a few prisoners who should meet his vessel on that desolate coast. To prepare himself for the undertaking by learning some nautical skill, Mr. Tyars, after studying and passing an examination, has gone as second mate on board a ship which comes to grief in the South Atlantic. All her crew dying of yellow fever, he is rescued, the sole survivor, by an officer of the Royal Navy, Lieutenant Oswin Grace, with whom he returns to England, and these two brave men become intimate friends. The incidents thenceforth narrated mostly take place in London during several months occupied by the three gentlemen, as Lieutenant Grace has obtained leave, in fitting out the steamer at the docks, engaging trusty seamen, and establishing a secret correspondence with the Siberian "prisoners and captives." But the two young ladies—Helen Grace, the Lieutenant's sister, living with her father the Admiral in Upper Brook Street, and Miss Agnes Winter, a clever, pleasing, actively managing woman, quite her own mistress—are social obstacles to the perilous undertaking. There is no express love-making, but it is evident that Oswin Grace has already become attached to Miss Winter; and Helen's charms of person and character soon make an impression, despite his stern reserve, on the heart of Tyars. The intimacy with these ladies is strengthened by the men saving both Agnes and Helen in the crush of a fire alarm at the Epic Theatre. The steamer at length gets away down the Thames, friends bidding farewell at Gravesend, and no more is ever heard of Mr. Tyars and Lieutenant Grace: their vessel has been destroyed, probably, by drifting ice-floes in the Arctic Sea. As for the Russian exiles in Siberia, there is a harrowing account of a small band of fugitives perishing of cold and starvation.

*In Low Relief.* By Morley Roberts. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall.)—The author of this powerfully drawn idyllic picture of true love struggling with doubts and difficulties, in the unconventional region of London bachelor life sometimes called "Bohemia," inhabited by some artists and literary men, has written narratives of personal adventure and rough experiences in travel by sea and land, in British Columbia and elsewhere. In the present tale, with a series of familiar and simple incidents hardly amounting to a "plot," there is a strong and firmly sustained moral interest belonging to three characters, two men and a girl who is ardently beloved—she is good and modest, though her vocation is that of an artist's model—by John Torrington and by his friend Paul Armour. The reader will be amused with the harmless oddities and minor negligences often permitted in the daily habits of single gentlemen, living at their studios or in neighbouring lodgings, who associate constantly with each other in the fraternity of artistic pursuits, hoping some day to win renown and fortune. This aspect of a small section of the working world of London may not be romantic or picturesque; in some instances, one is sorry to believe, the temporary endurance of poverty, redeemed only to generous minds by high ideal aspirations, or cheered by the frank good-fellowship of congenial comrades, puts young men so employed to various uncomfortable shifts. Here are four or five tenants of the secluded range of artists' workshops and dwellings on Haverstock Hill. Their life is tolerably innocent; for Mr. Armour, the etcher, Mr. West, the sculptor, George Raeburn, the painter, Monk, and Wynne, are men of principle, while Torrington, a journalist and writer of magazine articles, who has been "wild," is not dishonest at heart. The charity of respectable feminine society is invited to believe that a lovely young person, like Mary Morris, called "St. Priscilla" by the brotherhood of artists, might serve daily for hours as a model in their studios, occasionally stay with one or another till late in the evening, and freely walk about with the gentlemen, never compromising the honour of her sex. The manners of "Bohemia" present a lively contrast to those of Belgravia; it is a refreshing change.





1. The band president.  
2. Amateur band of a corvette.

3. Professional musicians' band of a first-class battle-ship.  
4. Jack with a Japanese banjo.

5. "Ah che la morte!" from the "Trovatore."  
6. A sing-song for'ard: "The daisies on my little sister's grave!"

MUSIC IN THE ROYAL NAVY.



## GRASSE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD.

(Continued.)

The Queen, with Princess Beatrice and Prince Henry of Battenberg, on Wednesday, March 25, arrived at Grasse, near Cannes, and took up her residence in the Grand Hotel, which has been engaged for the exclusive accommodation of the royal party. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, had already arrived at the Villa Rothschild, where her Royal Highness is the guest of Mlle. Alice de Rothschild.

Some description of the town of Grasse, which is situated inland, ten miles from Cannes, at an elevation of 1000 ft. above the sea-level, and enjoys the most agreeable and salubrious climate, appeared, with several illustrations, in our publication of last week. Grasse may not be so well known to many English people who have sojourned on the Riviera as the coast towns of Nice, Monte Carlo, and Mentone. Politically, since the memorable transaction which concluded the war of 1859, all those bright places of the sunlit seashore belong to France; socially and hospitably, they are part of the cosmopolitan realm of leisure and gaiety, repose, amusement, or recreation for invalids, for persons wearied or bored, and for those craving

an agreeable change of scene and climate, or a little variety in the habits of life. The more Italian aspect of the eastern towns along the Riviera would seem to be an attraction, and they are now provided with accommodations and entertainments which answer the modern standard of luxury and fashionable tastes. Cannes, which was never Italian, but was Provençal till all that country, the classic land of Southern chivalry and poetry, became merged in France, has been a favourite health-resort of English and other visitors for half a century past. It was in 1831 that Cannes was discovered by Lord Brougham, when he was forbidden by quarantine regulations to go on to Nice, then reckoned the only convenient winter residence on that coast. Everyone knows that Cannes has gained high esteem as the abode of many personages of princely and aristocratic rank, and as the chosen retreat of eminent statesmen, authors, and scholars, ending their days in the lustre of assured fame. To our own royal family, no doubt, it derives a touching interest from the death of the lamented Duke of Albany seven years ago, of which sad event a permanent memorial has been erected in the new English church.

But no description of Cannes is required on the present occasion. The town of Grasse is of much greater antiquity. About nine centuries ago, in A.D. 985, it was constituted a free town under the kings of Arles, and in 1154 we find Pope Adrian IV. writing to his "dear sons, the Consuls of Grasse," who in 1179 and 1193 were treating independently with the Republics of Pisa and Genoa. Like other ancient Provençal cities, Grasse had its separate and independent commonwealth, administered by a municipal council and two consuls elected annually; but in the thirteenth century Grasse submitted itself to the feudal jurisdiction of the Counts of Provence. After that time the Bishops of Antibes had spiritual jurisdiction over Grasse, but soon afterwards Grasse became a separate See, and among the long line of bishops were two of the Grimaldi family, who reigned over the Principality of Monaco. Later, Grasse, with the whole County of Provence, became part of the Kingdom of France. It was besieged in the wars of the League, and we read of the Duc de Guise, Governor of Provence for Henri IV. in 1595, paying a visit to Grasse, and receiving from a grateful municipality a present of cheeses and a few flasks of orange-flower water. Twice again in its history was Grasse to experience the horrors of war. In 1707 Prince Eugène of Savoy, in the war of the Spanish Succession against Louis XIV., laid siege to Grasse, and, though unable to take it, devastated the surrounding country. In 1746, in the war arising out of the Austrian Succession, under Louis XV., the Austro-Piedmontese forces, commanded by General Broun, crossed the Var, occupied Grasse for two months, and levied a heavy contribution upon the town. This was the last occurrence of any great importance at Grasse in the period which preceded the French Revolution of 1789, and from Grasse itself



GRASSE, FROM THE SOUTH.

Grasse, but hastened on to St. Vallier, stopping to eat luncheon under a cypress-tree, beside a stream that issues from a limestone cliff, at a spot which is still designated by his name. So much for the historical associations of Grasse.

The walks and drives in the neighbourhood of Grasse afford an endless variety of picturesque and romantic scenery. One of the favourite excursions is by the route of Le Bar to the Pont du Loup, seven miles and a half north-east of the town. The Gorges du Loup have a wild and rugged character which is rather striking. The Pont du Loup, with its little cluster of houses and orange-gardens, is at the top of a long narrow valley, just where the Loup rushes forth from the rocky gorge. On the top of a plateau, 500 ft. above the Pont du Loup, is the village of Gourdon. From the terrace adjoining the church of Le Bar there is an excellent view of Gourdon and the valley of the Loup.

Another excursion is on the road to St. Césaire, nine miles west of Grasse; this village is situated on a high eminence, above the river Siagne, part of which is shown in one of our Views. In the limestone cliffs along the river are curious "foux," or caverns, which contain remarkable stalactites. Here also are the remains of a Roman aqueduct, thirty-one miles long, which formerly conveyed the water of the Siagne to Fréjus, on the sea-coast. A modern canal has been made from St. Césaire to Cannes.

At one time the chief source of wealth for Grasse was its leather trade, but its tanneries were crushed out of existence by the fiscal laws of the Revolution, and since then the principal industry has been the making of perfumes and preserved fruits. Not that the making of perfumes is a modern industry at Grasse, for it dates from the time of Catherine de Medici, who sent a Florentine named Turbarelli to open a laboratory here, and her chief physician, Dona di Roberto, paid occasional visits to Grasse in order to see how things were going on. But at that time the quantity of scent made was very small, and scarcely any of it was sold, whereas now the annual consumption of flowers used by the large manufacturers is enormous, being estimated at 1200 tons of orange-blossoms, 800 tons of roses, 200 tons of jasmine, 100 tons of violets, and 30 tons of tuberose. Most of these flowers are grown in the fields, which form a vast carpet of variegated colour between here and Cannes. The manufactories in which the scent is made are among the most interesting sights of Grasse. The most important industry next to that of perfumery is the trade

in oil, there being about thirty oil-mills in and around Grasse for crushing the olives which grow in abundance on the slopes of the mountains. Preserved fruits, candied or crystallised, or set in glazed sugar, as well as syrups and jellies, make a large confectionery trade. Soap was at one time made here in large quantities, utilising the lard which had served in extracting perfume from the flowers; but this manufacture has failed before the competition of Marseilles. Grasse has also a great export of flowers, which may form the bouquets of distant fashionable ball-rooms, wedding-parties, opera-boxes, and costly funeral wreaths. The details of this elegant business would be an interesting study.

Of the perfumes manufactured at Grasse, the most precious



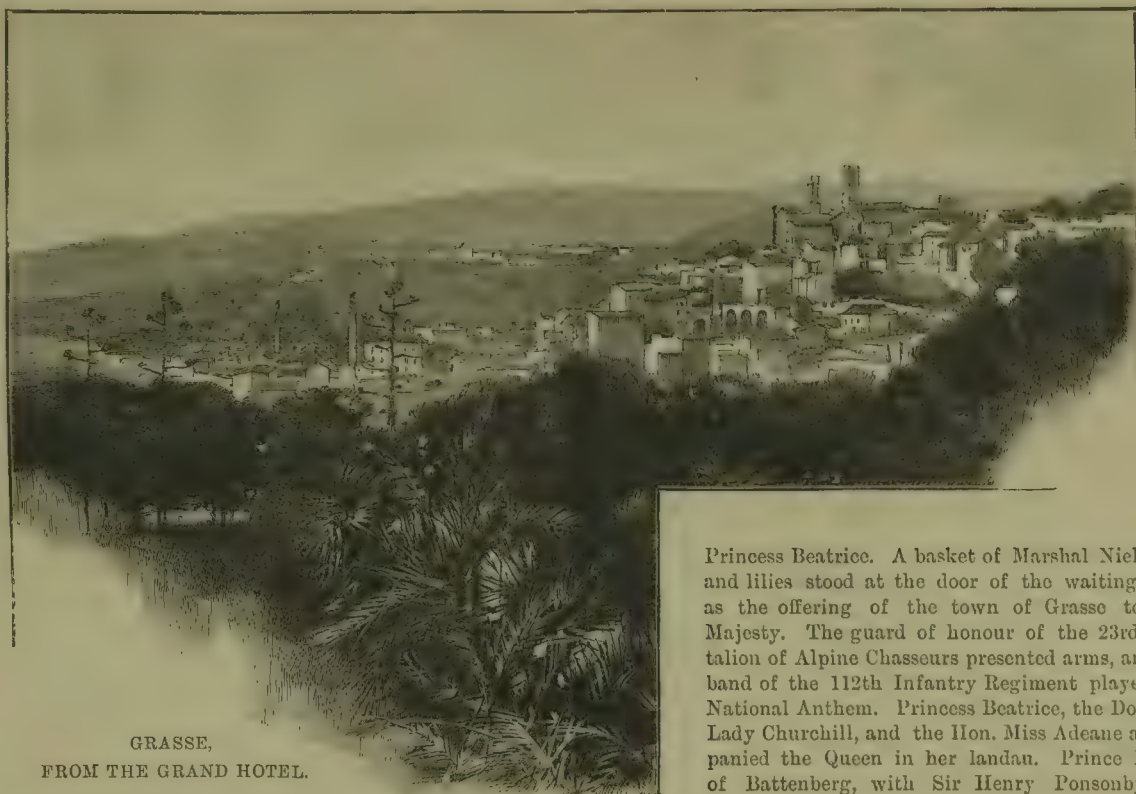
LES GORGES DU LOUP.

sprang more than one of those who were destined to take a leading part in the transactions of that period. In one mansion, the Hôtel Mirabeau, belonging to that family, lived the Marquise de Cabres, the sister of the great Revolutionary orator, who was here as a guest and candidate for the electoral votes of the townsfolk. Another political leader of that era, Isnard, noted for his eloquence and his Republican enthusiasm, was born at Grasse, and carried on here the trade of soap-making before the Revolution. Under the reign of Napoleon he held the office of receiver of customs, and accepted the title of baron, returning to his native place. When Napoleon escaped from the island of Elba, landing at Fréjus, in March 1815, he had to pass by



are the otto of roses and the "neroli," which latter is made from the flowers of the bitter orange tree, and is used principally in the manufacture of eau de cologne. The otto of roses of Grasse is superior to that of Turkey. Extracts for scenting pocket-handkerchiefs are made from freshly gathered flowers laid between two sheets of glass. On each side of the glass is a layer of lard, which, in twelve to twenty-four hours, completely absorbs the odoriferous oil. When the flowers are abundant they are renewed every twelve hours, sometimes every six hours. The operation is repeated a different number of times on the same lard with different flowers. Jonquils are changed thirty times, the cassia and violet sixty, the tuberose (a kind of hyacinth) and the jasmine both eighty times. The lard is melted in a large iron vessel, and mixed with spirits made from grain, which, combining with the volatile oil, rises to the top; the fluid is then filtered: this is called the cold method. Orange and rose petals require the hot methods, either by the still or by the "bain-marie." The distilling of the fragrant oil from the petals requires most vigilant attention. Rose and orange pomade are made by the bain-marie method by submerging a large iron pot full of lard in boiling water. When the lard is melted the petals are added, and after having remained twelve or twenty-four hours the mass is filtered to remove the now inodorous petals. The operation is repeated from thirty to sixty times, according to the required strength of the perfume.

Perfumeries and confectioneries are numerous. At 22, Rue des Cordeliers is the perfumery of Bruno-Court, where the work of sorting roses was sketched for our illustration. We may also mention the perfumery factory of Pilar Frères, in the Boulevard Fragonard, which is connected with a London



GRASSE,  
FROM THE GRAND HOTEL.

Princess Beatrice. A basket of Marshal Niel roses and lilies stood at the door of the waiting-room as the offering of the town of Grasse to her Majesty. The guard of honour of the 23rd Battalion of Alpine Chasseurs presented arms, and the band of the 112th Infantry Regiment played the National Anthem. Princess Beatrice, the Dowager Lady Churchill, and the Hon. Miss Adeane accompanied the Queen in her landau. Prince Henry of Battenberg, with Sir Henry Ponsonby and



ON THE RIVER SIAGNE.

house; and to M. Charles Cartier, of that establishment, we are obliged for sending us the photographs of Grasse that furnish most of our Views of the town and its environs. The photographer is M. Félix Busin.

The journey of the Queen along the coast from Marseilles to Cannes, and thence to Grasse, was in delightful weather, with bright sunshine and a cloudless sky. The Duke of Cambridge and the Duchess of Albany were at Cannes station, and joined the Queen during the few minutes' stay there, until the train started for Grasse, which was reached punctually at twenty minutes past four in the afternoon.

The Queen was met at Grasse by Mr. Harris, British Consul for the Alpes Maritimes; M. Henry, Prefect of the Department; General Vaulgrenant, Military Governor of Nice; M. Roure, Mayor of Grasse; and M. Chiris, Senator. Mrs. Harris, wife of the Consul, offered bouquets to her Majesty and



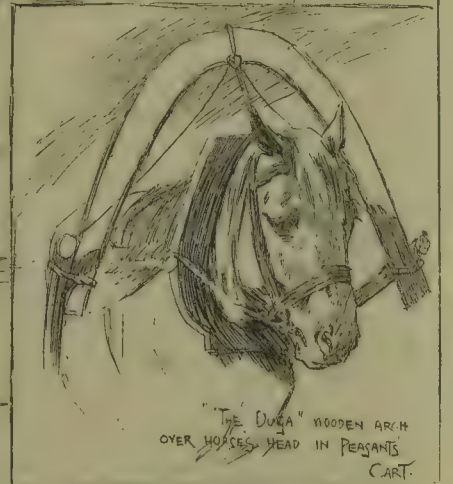
BRIDGE IN THE GORGES  
DU LOUP.



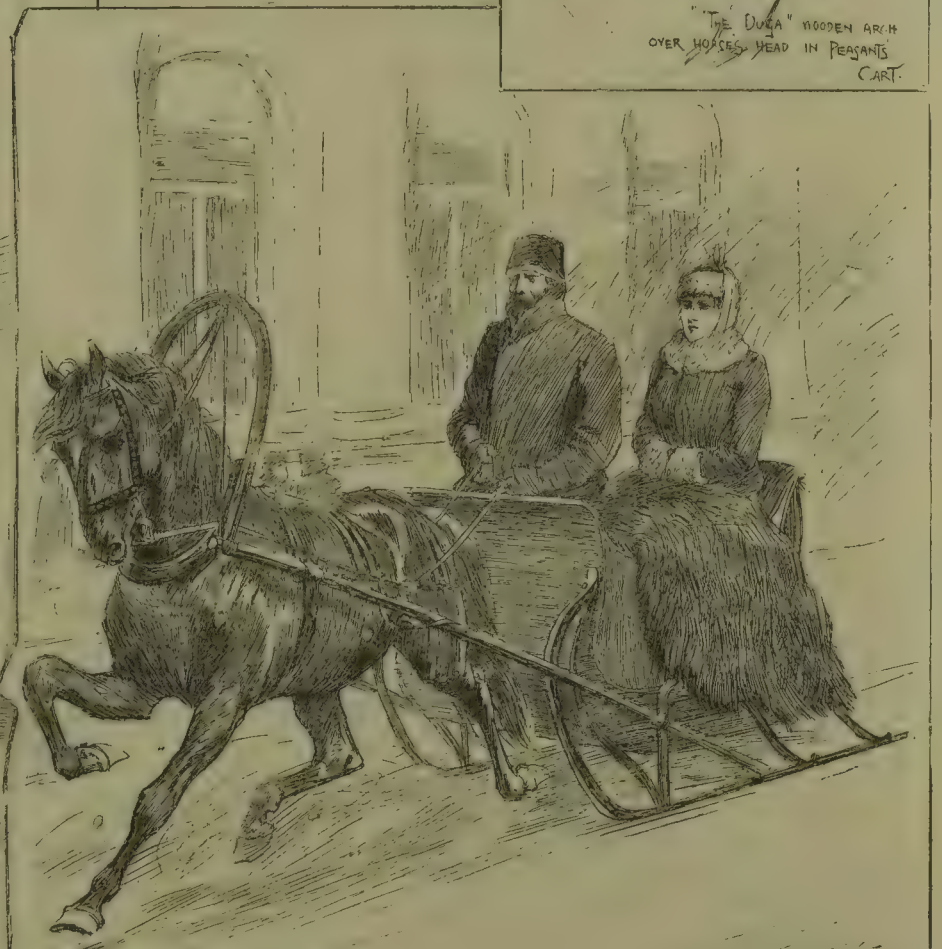
Major Bigge, occupied the second carriage. Mounted gendarmes led the way up the zigzag road to the old town. There were two arches covered with evergreens and British flags, and with "Welcome" and "God Save the Queen" inscribed on them. The road was decorated with Venetian masts and French flags. There were cheers and cries of "Vive la Reine!" Another guard of honour was stationed at the Grand Hotel, with the band of the battalion of Chasseurs. The troops saluted, and the National Anthem was again played. The Queen was received by Baroness Rothschild, and proceeded to the suite of rooms prepared for her, which occupy the greater portion of the first storey of the hotel. The rooms of Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg are on the second storey; the ground floor is occupied by the reception rooms, which are splendidly furnished.

Her Majesty is much pleased with her friendly welcome by the French population, and with the arrangements made by the Municipality of Grasse.





SNOW-SCAVENGER - KRASNOIARSK -



LIFE IN SIBERIA. AN AFTERNOON DRIVE YENESEISK.





SKETCHES IN SIBERIA, BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST: A CORNER OF THE MARKET, YENISEISK.



## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

Lo! how the woman once was woo'd:  
Forth leapt the savage from his lair,  
And felled her, and to nuptials rude  
He dragged her, bleeding, by the hair.

So says Mr. Coventry Patmore in that ever-charming and quaint poem of virtuous love, "The Angel in the House." Then he proceeds to contrast that method of wooing with the present fashion: "Chloe's dainty wiles and Portia's dignified consent." But can it be that there are a large number of men—gentlemen—who think that, though the savage method of wooing is out of date before marriage, there can be no objection to similar proceedings when the formal ceremony is once over? One might suppose that such a view is very prevalent, from the indignant protests that have been heard against the decision of the Lord Chancellor and his colleagues that a man cannot take his wife by force.

Assuredly a woman who binds herself deliberately before the altar to "love, honour, serve, and obey," and who allows a man to pledge himself to "forsake all others" for her, and then, out of pure caprice, refuses to live with him or perform any of those duties which marriage involves, is most blameworthy. But, in considering the effect of legal decisions, the particular case in which the decision is given is of trifling consequence beside the general principles laid down, which will be applicable often to very different circumstances in future. So far as appears on the surface, Mrs. Jackson has treated her deliberate contract with inexcusable levity, and has shown no proper sense of the serious duties which she has taken upon herself in her marriage. But, because she is to be condemned, the general rules of law now laid down—"no subject may imprison another subject" and "a man has not a shred of right to take his wife by force"—are none the less to be rejoiced in. The power of imprisonment and of the use of personal violence to secure compliance with his will should not be legally at any individual's command. Ordinary human beings cannot be trusted to be plaintiff, judge, jury, and jailor in the man's own cause. The bulwark of our constitutional laws, the Habeas Corpus Act, denies the right, as it was claimed by kings of old, to imprison refractory subjects without trial and for indefinite offences. The precious right of trial before being deprived of liberty, that our fathers wrested with their blood from monarchs, is now for the first time declared to be the property of every subject of the realm—even of wives. An extreme case may be recalled to show how valuable it may sometimes be for the relatives of women ill-used by their husbands to be able to appeal to habeas corpus—the Staunton murder case. The mother of that poor girl believed that she was being ill-used, but the man who was starving her to death maintained his right to keep her shut up and to forbid her mother from seeing her, and the victim was starved to death unhelped accordingly—in compliance with the old rule of law.

In regard to the denial of love, force is absolutely *no* remedy. Love must be maintained after marriage in the same way as it is won before; and for a man to compel the company, in a relation which only love makes "a holy estate," of a woman who hates him and regards him with aversion, though she is legally his wife, is at least as odious and unrefined and brutal as the conduct of the savage who woos the maiden with a club. Almost intolerable, however, is the situation which is created for the deserted husband or wife, when such aversion is encountered. In Scotland, desertion for four years constitutes a ground for divorce on the claim of the injured party, whether husband or wife. There are many good people who are opposed to divorce altogether; and they, of course, would not admit that indifference to all the purposes and duties of the relationship should debar the offender from remaining nominally the spouse of the one so neglected and injured. But really the case is a cruel one; and many people will see, in Professor Hunter's Bill—now before the House of Commons—to assimilate the law of Scotland and the law of England in this respect, the most reasonable way of dealing with situations like that of Mr. Jackson.

It was a gracious act of the Empress Frederick to open the new wing of Bedford College. Her Majesty's deep interest in the education and progress of her own sex has often been marked in Germany, and her own high capacity makes her patronage peculiarly effective. The new wing is in memory of the late Mr. William Shaen, who was for many years chairman of the institution that has thoroughly educated so many young women, before as well as since the days of Girton and University degrees.

It is difficult in London to give children enough exercise, but a gymnasium to some extent supplies the want of open-air games for children fortunate enough to get to one. Herr Stempel has a large class of children at his gymnasium in Albany Street, and they gave a most pretty display before a large audience recently of the many and varied exercises which they perform at the bi-weekly classes. The marching was led in one section by Miss E. Treves, the little daughter of the well-known surgeon and author, and in the others by Lady Gadsdown's little daughter, and pretty Miss Ursula Soulsby, whose father is so well known at the Mansion House. The girls wore costumes in which one would like to see children going to school always, so easy, so simple, and so light yet warm did they appear—knickerbockers and tunics to the knee of blue serge, with red yokes and waist-belts. It was a very pretty sight, and one wished that all London children, or London girls at any rate, could enjoy such an advantage. It was amusing to see the girls win in the tug-of-war—and, indeed, they led the boys in all the exercises, not from gallantry but because they really did best. But, poor dears! they have got to grow up and take to stays and long skirts, and then they will belong to "the weaker sex" again!

A deputation of ladies, headed by Lady Lucy Hicks-Beach and Lady Aberdeen, recently waited on Lord Cranbrook to ask that the Government would give assistance to passing the

Midwives Bill. Another body of ladies, however, have petitioned against the Bill, their ground being the clause which requires every woman desiring to practise midwifery to produce a "certificate as to her health and moral character" from a medical man. This is a ridiculous and uncalled-for provision, but if the promoters of the measure would drop that clause and content themselves with asking for a guarantee of professional training for midwives, the Bill would be wholly admirable. It does not propose to prevent any woman from acting in the capacity (just as a quack is not forbidden to practise as a medical man); but it would provide an examination, which properly taught women would pass; it would record the names of all those qualified women on a register; and it would forbid any but those who had passed that examination from pretending to be qualified. Every lady acquainted with, and taking interest in, village life knows how very needful some provision is to separate, utterly incompetent pretenders to this kind of skill from women really qualified for their work. The day will doubtless come when this class of practice will return exclusively to the hands of women, where, from every point of view, it should be; and this measure for differentiating ignorance from learning may be a first step to that most desirable end.

England is the land of comfortable chairs. One never meets on the Continent with the deep well-stuffed lounges that are found in every well-furnished house here. But even to English householders there is a revelation of what comfort really is, in the way of seats, in the invention called "Harrington's Patent Cradle Spring Chair." It is the invention of Mr. John Harrington, who has also invented a popular bicycle saddle on something like the same principle as the spring of his chairs. A "Cradle Spring Chair" can be had in a variety of shapes, and upholstered in all ways, and looking like any ordinary armchair; but it is in the under-frame of the chair that the invention comes in, consisting of a peculiarly formed and powerful spring, which imparts to the chair an elasticity surpassingly pleasant, and at the same time permits of a slight and gentle rocking movement, and of any position, within certain limits, being assumed by the person seated. Mr. Harrington's invention is also applied to the seats of carriages, making them perfectly free from vibration and jolting even in passing over very rough roads. It is quite novel, and quite delightful.

An error must be corrected in our account, with the Illustrations that we gave last week, of the Roman Catholic Sisterhood of Charity at Nazareth House, Hammersmith. This institution is not identified with the Order styled "The Little Sisters of the Poor." The "Convent of the Sisters of Nazareth" was founded, in 1851, by the late Cardinal Wiseman, to be a home for the aged poor of both sexes, and for orphan and destitute children, and those afflicted with incurable diseases. Its constitution and work are correctly described in our account, but must be distinguished from the functions of the other religious sisterhood already mentioned.

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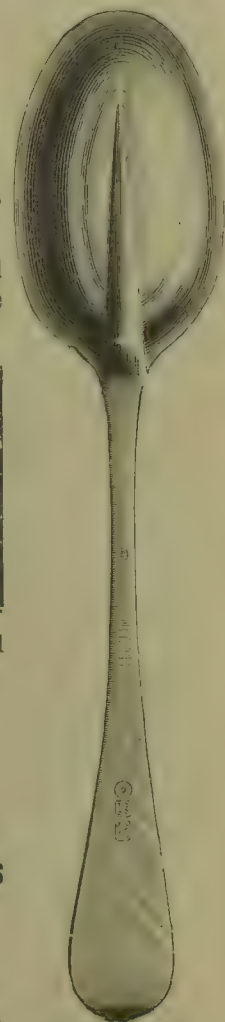
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated July 25, 1888), with six codicils (dated Jan. 19, July 24, Oct. 2, Nov. 15, 1889; Jan. 13 and July 14, 1890), of the Right Hon. John, Baron Tollemache, late of Helmingham, Suffolk, and Peckforton Castle, Cheshire, who died on Dec. 9, was proved on March 14 by the Right Hon. Wilbraham Frederic, Baron Tollemache, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £123,000. The testator gives £3000 and an annuity of £500 to his wife, in addition to the benefits provided for her by settlement, and a further £500 per annum during the minority of his son Mortimer Granville; an annuity of £200 to Mrs. Georgiana Best; and he makes provision for his younger sons and daughter, regard being had to the amounts given to, or settled on, them in his lifetime. All his freehold and copyhold messuages, lands, estates, and hereditaments in Cheshire, Suffolk, or elsewhere in England, Wales, and Ireland, and the residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves to his eldest son, Wilbraham Frederic, the present peer.

The will (dated April 10, 1888) of Sir Richard Francis Sutton, Bart., who died on Feb. 25, at Ryde, was proved on March 18 by the Rev. Thomas George Onslow and Reuben Bingham, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £115,000. The testator leaves all his freehold, copyhold, and leasehold properties (except his leaseholds in Middlesex) upon the trusts declared in a deed dated June 3, 1875, being a resettlement of the Sutton estates. The furniture and effects at his mansion house Benham are made heirlooms to go therewith. The residue of his personal estate, including his leaseholds in Middlesex, he gives to his wife, Dame Edith Sutton.

The will (dated Nov. 12, 1889) of Major James Atkinson, formerly 3rd Battalion West Surrey Regiment, late of 20, Cleveland Square, and of 10, Waterloo Crescent, Dover, who died on Jan. 27, was proved on March 16 by Mrs. Grace

Atkinson, the widow, Mrs. Emma Jennings West, the sister, Captain John Cecil De Veil Tattersall, the nephew, and George Allen, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £130,000. The testator bequeaths £300 to each of his executors, with the exception of his wife; £1000 to Mrs. Emma Cooper; £500 to his brother-in-law, Edward West; £100 and a suit of clothes, or a dress and bonnet, as the case may be, to each servant who has been fifteen years in his service; and £50 and a suit of clothes, or a dress and bonnet, as the case may be, to each servant who has been ten years in his service. He also bequeaths all his Two-and-Three-Quarter per Cent. Consols and all other his British Government securities, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his children. In default of children, he gives £2000 to the Hospital for Diseases of the Chest; £1000 each to St. George's Hospital, Hyde Park Corner, the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association, the Metropolitan Drinking Fountain and Cattle Trough Association, the National Benevolent Institution, Saunders' Charity for Granting Annuities to Indigent Gentlefolks, the Sisters of Nazareth House, Hammersmith, and the Cancer Hospital; £500 each to the National Life-Boat Institution, the Westminster Dispensary, the Victoria Hospital for Sick Children, and the National Convalescent Institution, Margate; and the remainder of the said trust funds to his nephew, the said Captain J. C. De V. Tattersall. The residue of his real and personal estate, including his freehold property at Ealing and Dover, and his interest in the capital and profits of J. and E. Atkinson, 24, Old Bond Street, he leaves to his wife absolutely.

The will of the Marchese Vincenzo Bugeja, C.M.G., Knight Commander of the Holy Sepulchre, and "a marquis owing to the munificence of his Holiness Leo XIII.," late of Valletta, Malta, who died on Sept. 10, was proved in London on March 18 by Alfonso Maria Micallef, one of the universal heirs, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £76,000. The testator makes munificent bequests to the institute of public beneficence founded by him

under the name of the "Conservatorio Vincenzo Bugeja," and directs 500,000f. to be set aside for the dispensary branch, 750,000f. for the reformatory branch; 500,000f. for founding an asylum for poor old people of the middle classes; £80,000 for the hospital branch; £26,000 for the arts and trades branch; and other sums for the emigration branch, the propagation of the faith, the training up of orphan girls, for keeping up a villa and gardens for public amusement, the making and maintaining four public fountains, &c.; and special and lengthy directions are given for the management of the various trust properties and funds. Very numerous legacies are also given to churches and religious and charitable institutions at Malta.

The will (dated April 20, 1889), with two codicils (dated July 23, 1889, and Dec. 17, 1890), of Mr. Edward Futvoye, late of "Marrow," Wimborne Road, Bournemouth, who died on Jan. 7, was proved on March 13 by George Harris Lea, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £52,000. The testator gives his wines and consumable stores and £200 to his wife, Mrs. Frances Griffith Futvoye; £500 each to the Mildmay Conference Hall (Mildmay Park), the Protestant Church of United Brethren, commonly called the Moravians, the Church Missionary Society, the Church Pastoral Aid Society, the British and Foreign Bible Society, the London Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews, and the London City Mission; and other legacies. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, then as to two thirds to his son-in-law, the said George Harris Lea, and as to the other third, subject to the payment of various legacies given thereout, for his sisters and nephews and nieces.

The will (dated Aug. 19, 1890) of Mr. Lawrence Robert Hall, J.P., late of Foxcote, Bucks, who died on Jan. 22, was proved on March 23 by Mrs. Ada Susan Hall, the widow, John Charles Wadham, the nephew, and James Hibbert, the executors, the personal estate being sworn at £76,608 5s. 9d. The

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Clogging of the sebaceous glands with sebum. The plug of sebum in the centre of the pimple is called a blackhead or comedone.

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testator devises all his lands and hereditaments in the county of Bucks to his wife, during widowhood, with remainder to his son Musgrave Robert, for life, with remainder to his sons and daughters successively in tail. He bequeaths all the plate, furniture, &c., upon trust, for his wife, during widowhood, and subject thereto to devolve as heirlooms with the Foxcott estate; all his household linen, &c., and £1000, payable within three months after his death, to his wife, and £100 to each of his trustees, John Charles Wadham and James Hibbert. He also bequeaths £30,000, upon trust, for his wife, during widowhood, and then for his three sons, Lawrence Wastel, Musgrave Robert, and Charles, equally. The residuary estate he gives, upon trust, for his wife, during widowhood, and then as to five eighths thereof for his son Musgrave Robert, and as to the remaining three eighths for his son Charles.

The will (dated April 1, 1890) of Mrs. Jane Entwistle, formerly of High Grove, Reading, and late of 33, Broadwater Down, Tunbridge Wells, who died on Dec. 14, at Brighton, was proved on March 13 by John Entwistle, the husband, and Michael Glover Atkins, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £68,000. The testatrix, in exercise of a special power under her marriage settlement, appoints one eighth of the trust funds subject thereto each to Henry Fisher and Sydney Fisher, and three eighths each to Ernest Fisher

and Horace Fisher, all her sons by her first marriage. She bequeaths a policy of insurance on her life for £5000, and all her furniture, effects, and personal chattels, to her husband; £1000 to Mary Ann Willis; £200 each to the Cottage Hospital (Tamworth), the Surgical Aid Society (Salisbury Square, Fleet Street), the Queen's Hospital (Birmingham), the National Hospital for Paralysis (Queen's Square, London), and the Hospital for Sick Children (Great Ormond Street); £150 each to the Women's Hospital (Birmingham) and the Eye Hospital (Birmingham); and £100 each to the Birmingham branch of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and the Birmingham branch of the Life-Boat Institution. As to the residue of her real and personal estate, she leaves two thirds to her husband and one third, upon trust, for him, for life, and then for her said sons.

The will (dated Nov. 4, 1890) of Mr. Joseph Hayton, late of Wigton, Cumberland, who died on Dec. 11, was proved on March 14 by John Rooke and Samuel Rigg, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £31,000. The testator gives £500 to each of his executors; £2000, upon trust, for his brother Thomas, for life; £4000 to his brother George; £7000 to his sister Martha; £1000 each to his cousins, Amos, Joseph, and Thomas; £2000 to be divided between the children of his late brother Amos; and the residue of his real and personal estate, upon trust, for his sister, Mary Wood, for life, and then for her children.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1879), with a codicil (dated Feb. 5,

1890), of Mrs. Maria Drummond, the widow of Mr. Thomas Drummond, Under-Secretary of State for Ireland, late of 18, Hyde Park Gardens, who died on Jan. 15, at Fredley, Mickleham, Surrey, was proved on March 10 by Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Kay, the daughter, and Lord Justice Kay, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £14,000. The testatrix leaves a complimentary legacy to her executor, Sir E. E. Kay; the Fredley Farm estate, with the live and dead stock and the furniture and effects (except plate and plated articles), her freehold property at Rotherhithe, her copyhold property at Lambeth, and all her stocks and shares in railway companies to her daughter, Mrs. Kay; 18, Hyde Park Gardens, with the furniture and effects, all her plate and plated articles, and the residue of her personal estate to her two daughters, Mrs. Kay and Miss Emily Drummond; and she appoints, under the will of the late Richard Sharpe, the residue of his personal estate to her said two daughters.

The will of Mr. Edward Salusbury Rose Trevor, D.L., J.P., late of Derwen, Welshpool, Montgomeryshire, who died on Feb. 2, was proved on March 13 by Francis Wollaston Trevor, the son, and Arthur Pitt Busch, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £11,000.

The will of Mr. Thomas Wilkes Webb, J.P., formerly of The Birches, Hagley, and late of The Mount, Stourbridge, Worcestershire, who died on Jan. 21, was proved on March 18 by Mrs. Helen Constance Webb, the widow, and acting executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1715.



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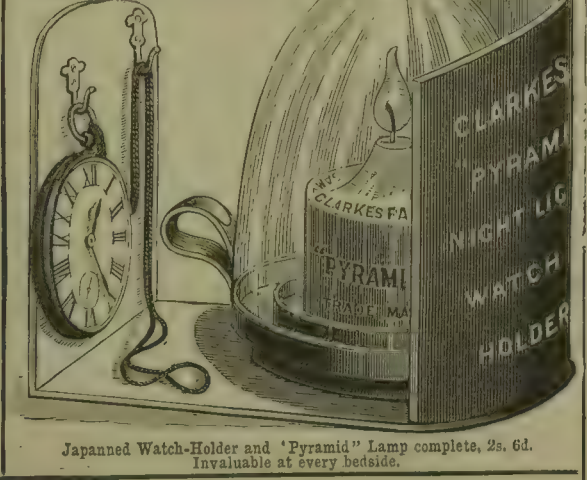
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